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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The work of cropping the ears of the landowning dogs began again in Parliament on Monday, and has gone on through most of this week. The Government, fearful they should hurt some of their own small hounds, made a concession on Monday. The very little dogs are to go scot-free; after all, it is the big ones that good Radicals want to serve out—and it is the big ones that can be made to pay something substantial. We must always bear in mind that, in the main taxes of this Budget, the Government have two distinct ends in view—the Budget no doubt is designed to punish, but the Budget is designed to pay; Lord Hugh Cecil sees chiefly malice, but money is an equal motive. Now there is no wish to punish the very small owners. Some may be Radicals; moreover, they are hardly worth a Treasury official's attention. So the Government let them off.

The Ministerial cave may be not a grave matter for Liberalism, but what of the Ministerial cave-in? After Cleveland and before High Peak the Government appear in full retreat. Captain Pretymann likened them to mariners fearful of shipwreck and jettisoning the cargo. Perhaps it will be truer, before these debates are done, to describe them as land-wrecked. The Government have suddenly found out that a large number of very small owners—one- or two-acre without even a cow owners—would be hurt by their Bill. So on Tuesday Mr. Lloyd George announces that no one need pay increment whose property is not worth more than five hundred pounds. Yet a few hours earlier Mr. Wedgwood blessed the Budget as the work of Henry—not Lloyd—George, and vowed the land proposals meant business!

However, having collapsed on Monday through dread of the bye-elections, the Government stiffened somewhat on Wednesday. Mr. Dickinson was put up by the Government to move an amendment in effect compelling every landowner, large and small, to report himself at Somerset House. The cursed landowner may be able to escape the increment tax if he can show his holding is worth under £500—but he is to be chased and fleeced none the less in the showing of it. It is like a cat playing with a mouse; the Government lets the wretched victim crawl away a little one minute, only to claw him again the next.

As to Mr. Wedgwood's description of the Budget as Henry George's Budget and as good business, Liberals should really make up their minds whether the principles of it are Liberal, democratic, socialist, or what. The "Daily News" vows that the last thing in the world the Budget is is socialist. Mr. Lloyd George scouts the very word, and flouts Mr. Philip Snowden's and Henry George's claims alike. Whereas Mr. Keir Hardie, always honest and uncompromising, has just said: "We have in this Budget for the first time a systematic attempt to socialise a portion of the national income." If there is not some hard lying among these various contradicting witnesses, there must be a slight confusion of thought.

People who are forced to discuss what Mr. Asquith styles a "highly complex and technical measure" from 1 P.M. till nine next day are likely to take an inflamed view of each other. There was a good deal of this inflammation in the House on Wednesday night and Thursday morning. Things were seen out of their right proportions by several people. Mr. Pointer M.P. could see in a speech by Captain Clive only a "silly farce"; and he suggested to the Chairman the use of the gag. Mr. Pointer should read the Duke of Rutland's plan of campaign against the labour leaders. The Duke of Rutland is, at any rate, for doing the thing thoroughly. He would gag Gargantua.

These all-night sittings are bad for the House in every way. Nobody's temper can stand the strain; and



the Labour members no more than other people. These gentlemen's conduct during the whole debate was so offensively provocative that it is remarkable it ended in only one member being suspended and he, as the House decided yesterday, wrongfully. It is only fair to point out that Liberals cannot hear the Labour members' running comments on speeches, or rather on speakers. If they could, they would no doubt restrain their indignation at offensive comments on their opponents; but let the same sort of thing be said of themselves, and Lord Winterton would be distanced by their repartee altogether.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald got in a little bit of advertisement business by way of winding up the sitting. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had just accepted a motion to report progress; so Mr. Macdonald, seeing release and rest assured, intervenes, standing up nobly for hard work and the traditions of the House. Knowing that every member present was only too thankful Mr. Lloyd George had accepted the motion, Mr. Macdonald deemed it safe to divide against it. So the Labour party could pose as the strenuous men, the men who would sit for ever while both Tories and Liberals were for stopping work. But that they should also pose as the champions of House of Commons traditions—well, at least that is superfluous, for their electors would care nothing for that. Labour electors care as little for the House as they do as a rule for their members.

Mr. Winston Churchill's article in "The World" on procedure is written for members of Parliament, for, as the writer says, the subject is "not understood by and consequently uninteresting to the public". We agree with Mr. Churchill that the chief interest of the Opposition is to choose the topics, while Government controls the time. Again and again we have urged in this REVIEW the desirability of selecting, by previous arrangement, the clauses against which the attack should be directed, instead of practising, as at present, indiscriminate obstruction. What generally happens now is that the first six or twelve sections of a Bill are fiercely fought, line by line, simply because they come first, and the fighting men are fresh. As a consequence, the most important clauses, which come later, are closed whole-sale. Mr. Churchill suggests that every Bill should be introduced with its time-table printed upon it, which time-table—the number of days for second reading, committee, and report—should be fixed by a committee of business, "overwhelmingly unofficial in its character", but with a party majority.

Unless some scheme for the devolution of business to local bodies can be devised, we suppose that the system of Grand Committees must be widely employed. We are not enamoured of this method of legislation, which gives ample scope to the assiduous amateur, sometimes to the danger of the public: but we see no help for it. The enforcement of a ten-minutes limit to speeches in Committee would be a great nuisance: we think it might be extended to a quarter of an hour, which presumably would not be applied to the Committee of Ways and Means which passes the Budget resolutions.

Mr. Churchill is, moreover, right in regretting that "the old right of moving the adjournment of the House, with all its lively and sensational characteristics, is now practically extinct", and that "the process of moving the Speaker out of the chair upon Supply is at an end". In former days, we mean in Victorian, not Georgian, times, some of the greatest historical debates have arisen on the Speaker's saying "The question is that I do now leave the chair". If the House of Commons wishes to retain its hold upon the attention of the nation, it should recover "its old freedom over the subjects of debate"; for undoubtedly what the House does best is to express the mind of the public upon great subjects. At present it is drowned in a sea of details: eloquence is becoming a lost art, and everybody is bored to death—so much so that the newspaper reports are getting shorter and shorter.

Mr. Runciman has vetoed his latest educational reform almost before he promulgated it. Certainly it does not seem unreasonable that teachers who are to give Cowper-Temple teaching should be instructed in Cowper-Templeism at the training colleges. Mr. Runciman regulated accordingly. But the nonconformists were up in arms at once. They would have none of this. Religious instruction, albeit undenominational, a part of the training-college curriculum, not to be thought of! And Mr. Runciman has submissively taken his instructions from his nonconformist friends, and religious instruction is not to be required in undenominational training colleges. This is a telling test of the sincerity of undenominational concern for religious teaching. Cowper-Templeism is a dishonest unreality; and it is now clearer than ever that it is only denominational schools and colleges that save religious teaching from dropping out of the elementary schools altogether. We are glad to find Mr. Runciman admitting that absolute religious equality is the only way out of the religious difficulty—precisely the opposite of Mr. Birrell's view, who tried to establish Cowper-Templeism as a State religion in elementary schools.

The Government may take what comfort they can from the result of the elections in Cleveland and Mid-Derby. Their candidates score a win in both cases, but by majorities which tell the same story that the bye-elections have told ever since January 1907. Mr. Samuel's majority was reduced from over two thousand to under one thousand, notwithstanding that the poll in his favour was larger than at the last contested election. Mr. Hancock's majority is reduced by over twelve hundred and his poll is less. The gratifying thing is the increase in the Unionist poll in both cases. Where the Radicals do not actually lose votes, they fail to put on more than half the Unionist increase. If a Samuel in Cleveland and a Hancock in Mid-Derby can do no better than this, Radical prospects are indeed gloomy.

The Marquess of Ripon was the son of that "transient and embarrassed phantom" who, under the name of Lord Goderich, flitted across the stage of politics on Canning's death. Old Cobbett nicknamed this statesman "Prosperity Robinson", because in the distress that followed Waterloo he was always assuring the public that the country was flourishing. It cannot be said that his son, the last lord, was a great statesman, though he filled the highest posts in the State. He will be remembered as the Viceroy of India who pushed partiality for the natives to danger-point, and who, if he had not been recalled, would probably have provoked something like a mutiny among the British Civil Servants. He was First Lord of the Admiralty, Secretary of State for War, for India, and for the Colonies, as well as Lord President of the Council, in various Liberal Governments. He succeeded Lord Kimberley as leader of the Liberal party in the Lords, and during the last few years had become inarticulate and inaudible.

Nothing but party pressure and political fear prevented Lord Roberts' Compulsory Service Bill getting a large majority on second reading. Even a glance at the list of speakers on each side shows the weight of opinion behind the Bill. Not a single independent peer, whose voice counts, spoke against the Bill; not a single soldier of any note. All the most distinguished Unionist peers who were not fettered by official memories or fears spoke for the Bill. What had the opponents of compulsion to put against Lord Curzon's and Lord Milner's speeches? Or against Lord Newton and Lord Amthill? And practical soldiers like the Earl of Erroll were all for compulsion. Lord Lansdowne, looking to future office and fearing to commit himself, whipped his faithful followers to vote for a sort of compromise; but even so the Bill was only rejected by twenty. Is not this a record? Has any Bill before been officially opposed by both parties and yet only been beaten by twenty votes?

The debate justified the one or two peers who, in Lord Lansdowne's words, when asked where wisdom

was to be found, said they did not know exactly, but on no account must we look for it on either front bench. We doubt if anybody did look for it there. There is not much wisdom in putting political and party considerations above the safety of the Empire. We are the only people in Europe who play at soldiers after we are grown up. A Navy we have, and want it to be strong; an Army we only pretend to have. Is this bubble of pretence to be pricked by thought before disaster or repentance after? This is the great practical question for the country at this moment. It is a pity front-bench politicians cannot face it honestly. Instead of thinking whether conscription is right, they are all thinking, is it popular?

Lord Portsmouth has clearly had the latest laugh, whether it prove the best or not. He was made Under-Secretary for War when this Government came in. Then he was asked to resign. He resigned. Next Mr. Asquith offered him an Ecclesiastical Commissioner-ship. He took it. And now came Lord Portsmouth's turn. He moved a motion condemning the military policy of the Government. It is well to throw a sop to Cerberus; but how if Cerberus take the sop and yet turn upon the thrower?

The sinking of the submarine *C11* with nearly all hands is a sinister stroke of reality before the pageant in the Thames next week. She has been lost, it may be, through one of those blunders in peace that are simply incident to ships of war, and for which often no man can be blamed. The highways of the sea are narrow even for these lesser battle and steam ships.

The Navy League has now set its house in order—not to soon. At an extraordinary meeting held at the United Service Institute yesterday it reorganised itself on a broad and businesslike basis. One especially sound reform is the reduction of the number of the Executive Committee to fourteen. As to the need of a new start, the facts of the League as it is are argument enough. Its membership is insignificant, its influence slight in the extreme: in a country which is accustomed to regard its supremacy at sea as vital to its existence. We are sanguine, however, that it has now turned the corner and will soon multiply exceedingly and be fruitful in influence.

If Lord Kitchener's ready acceptance of an invitation to visit Australia has no other effect, it will probably strengthen Mr. Deakin's hand in the matter of universal training. Mr. Cook, the Minister for Defence, believes in an Imperial General Staff and hopes to assist in developing the principle of the interchangeability of imperial and local forces. Mr. Cook is not among the advocates of local self-sufficiency in defence, and is prepared to make the offer of £2,000,000 to the Imperial Government unconditionally. If the money is spent on swift cruisers for commerce protection rather than on Dreadnoughts he would perhaps be pleased, and of course he is anxious to create a local naval force, but always on condition that it becomes the Australian section of the Imperial Navy.

The Persian Nationalists have stolen a march on the Government; for the moment they have the upper hand in the capital, and the Shah is outside, either bombarding or preparing to bombard the city. Beyond this there is nothing very definite. The Shah's fate depends mainly upon what Russia may do. He is now a refugee at the Russian Legation. The topsy-turvy situation which Russia's intervention originally brought about continues. The Nationalists and the Shah's forces sank their differences for a while in order to oppose Russia, and when the Shah refused to part with the Russian commander of the Persian Cossacks the Nationalists turned upon him again. Russia advanced once more because foreigners were in danger, but Teheran was then threatened not by the Nationalists but by the Shah, who now seeks Russian protection.

Prince Bülow has retired after being Imperial Chancellor for nine years, and he is succeeded by Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, who has been Prince Bülow's lieutenant since 1907, when he became Imperial Secretary of State in succession to Count Posadowsky. It was Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg who is supposed, in 1906, to have encouraged Prince Bülow to dissolve the Reichstag in opposition to the advice of Count Posadowsky. The move was successful, and the Prince in the elections had his revenge on the Centre and Socialist parties which had opposed his foreign and colonial policy in the Reichstag. In two years the Centre has turned the tables on the Prince. The bloc of Conservatives and Liberals, so adroitly formed and maintained in spite of nature, goes to pieces under the Budget.

What the effects of the change may be on international and German domestic policies no one can yet tell; but it seems as though the most conspicuous ministerial political position in Europe had suddenly lost its brilliancy. The new Chancellor did his work at the Interior—our Home Office—admirably, but his personality is strangely dim when we think of the eager interest with which the public appearances of Prince Bülow were looked for by his own countrymen and all foreigners. It would be hard to say whether the Kaiser's or his Chancellor's speeches were anticipated, and discussed, and criticised with more zest. If it is true that the departure of the Prince is not wholly unconnected with certain speeches made by the Kaiser himself, one of the interesting speculations as to the future is how the Kaiser and his new Chancellor will settle their speeches between them. A great figure undoubtedly goes with Prince Bülow, even when by comparison with the gigantic figure of Bismarck it is attempted to disparage him.

How is it that French humour never seems to reach French oratory? The orators of France are now eloquent on two profound convictions—that Free Trade is good for England, on the ground that she is an old country; and that the opposite is better for France, on the ground that she is an older country. The French faculty for prime distinctions has been noted by international criticism; but if it still exists it does not appear much in politics, unless in the odd case of a frank statesman like M. Pichon, who honestly begs his compatriots to save France from the Free Trade fate of England. The final shape of the new tariff is not yet on paper, but the fact that M. Pichon and his followers have exercised a powerful influence on it does not suggest much of the entente cordiale in the scheme. On Tuesday the Chamber definitely approved the new commercial treaty with Canada, "the mother country" having no voice in it; but even in this M. Klotz points out that "France is left absolutely free to compose the tariffs as she wishes, so that, consequently, there is no danger". The "danger" is the same thing which is so good for England, but so bad for France.

When President Taft announced his fiscal project to "revise downward", there was uneasiness among the manufacturers; but these are strong in the Legislature, and now the "uneasiness" has definitely shifted to those who expected the President to keep his word. In the Western States particularly, where the high prices on the consumer are not compensated equally by his share in the high profits of production, the press has begun to denounce the Tariff Bill as a "betrayal" of the President's pledges, and we may trust these people to know the inwardness of it more accurately than we can here in London. In their judgment, a definite revision upward has been achieved, and, they explain, "in the interests of the manufacturers"—which shows again how it is easier for capital to employ labour when the process is not at the mercy of the world's industrial accidents.

In September next will fall the three-hundredth anniversary of Henry Hudson's discovery of the eponymous river. It was suggested that Holland should send over

an exact replica of the "Half Moon", the Dutch ship in which he made the voyage. When the project was put in hand it was found that there was not sufficient material on which to reconstruct the vessel. Weight, size and shape had alike to be determined. The records disappeared years ago when the Dutch Government sold for mere waste-paper tons of documents believed to be worthless which had belonged to the old East India Company. Inquiries were made in museums, in libraries, of every curiosity dealer, by scholars, the Dutch naval authorities and others interested. Scraps of evidence slowly and laboriously collected and collated enabled the designers to set to work, and the vessel, an eighty-ton three-masted yacht built throughout of oak, is now complete.

The yachting season in the Thames is evidently going to be a dull affair this year. Several of the County Council vessels were put up this week again and hardly anybody would bid. Fancy Dick Whittington and rare Ben Jonson offered at five hundred pounds apiece! There is an old fort off Bembridge in the Isle of Wight which is now for sale. Perhaps if this fort were put up with one or two of the London County Council steamers the curious offer might draw an imaginative customer.

Escape from the disaster of a general colliers' strike, with all the attendant dislocation of trade, was only just secured by the settlement of the Welsh dispute. But it was clear that similar disputes might arise in connexion with the Eight Hours Act in other parts of the country. This has happened. Now 80,000 Scottish miners having decided to stop work in a fortnight, the Miners' Federation of Great Britain at a meeting in London on Friday decided that the question of a national strike should be referred to a ballot of its members. Then, without reckoning minor strikes, there are 30,000 men in Staffordshire who have stopped work, and the iron and pottery trades are almost at a standstill for want of coal. Even if an arrangement that has been made is confirmed, the pits will not be at work for a fortnight. No prediction was ever more literally fulfilled than that the Eight Hours Act would raise new disputes and cause immediate loss to trade, even if the present disputes should be settled without further trouble.

If Lord Gorell's proposal to extend jurisdiction to the County Courts in divorce cases goes to a Committee of Inquiry its chances of becoming law are very remote. The Lord Chancellor and Lord Gorell both admitted that a matter of such importance could not be dealt with offhand without inquiry, and the resolution was withdrawn. We do not believe the Government will start an inquiry into the general subject of marriage and divorce laws; and a limited one as to the County Courts would not touch the subject of most importance. If divorce is not yet cheap enough, the County Courts will not make it so for many people, unless the expenses are paid by the rate or tax payers. Perhaps we shall have this proposed next. We were glad to find the Archbishop of Canterbury taking courage to oppose the Bill. Divorce should be neither cheap nor easy. The talk about giving relief to innocent parties is bosh. Nine times out of ten one party is as bad as the other.

A vast deserted building at the top of Marylebone Road, formerly known as "The Yorkshire Stingo" Brewery, is soon to disappear, and on its site will stand the new buildings of the Church Army. Where the vats stood will be the chapel for the inmates of the two homes. The work depots are for discharged convicts of the "star" class who had previously good characters and for unemployed married men. Wood-chopping is an art at which skilled men can earn four shillings a day. The management charges six shillings a week for residence, and the men are kept four months until they find regular situations. In winter Embankment men will receive food and bed in return for work. We wish every success to this useful enterprise. The sum of £16,000 is wanted, and we hope the advertisement of this want, which was begun with the ceremony of lunch at the "Yorkshire Stingo" on Monday, will be answered by ample subscriptions.

THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR'S SHADE.

HISTORY is repeating itself in Germany. When Count Posadowsky was dismissed from the Ministry of the Interior through the Conservative objection to his Liberal tendencies, it was Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg who took his place; and now again Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg is chosen to succeed a Chancellor for whose retirement the Conservatives are primarily responsible. The German Constitution expressly denies the responsibility of Ministers to Parliament. A Chancellor remains in office so long as he retains the confidence of the Emperor. It was because of the withdrawal of the imperial confidence that Prince Bismarck laid down his office, and the same official explanation was given of the resignations of Count Caprivi and Prince Hohenlohe. But in the case of Prince Bülow there is not the least pretence of imperial dissatisfaction. On the contrary, it is common knowledge that the Emperor was extremely loth to part with him, and that the present change has been brought about by the majority in the Reichstag. The new Chancellor is a man whose past is sure evidence of his willingness to serve a party. He is in fact a constitutional Minister, and the whole course of his future conduct will be profoundly affected by the circumstances of his appointment. Never has Germany known so paradoxical a political situation. The Conservative Junkers are notoriously of absolutist views. They are true to the traditions of Frederick the Great; they detest the new-fangled notions of parliamentarianism and democracy which the French Revolution brought into Germany; they grumbled at the constitutional position which Prince Bülow took up in the critical days of last November; and now they find themselves hailed by the less myopic organs of German Liberalism as the pioneers of constitutional progress! Times have indeed changed since Bismarck was dismissed not twenty years ago.

Rapid as this development has been, it is in no way surprising. The German Constitution is not yet forty years old, but for the first half of its short life it was worked by its author and meant exactly what he chose it to mean. During these important years Germany was acquiring a political self-consciousness which was bound to assert itself when once the controlling hand was removed. Moreover, the new arrangement contained from the first elements of instability which are now becoming apparent. In making his Constitution Bismarck left out two of the political forces of the time. One was the Liberal party. The omission was deliberate. Bismarck had fought it at the crisis of his career. He had beaten it, and by beating it had made the Empire possible. He regarded it as a sham, broken for the moment and useless for the future. Nor was he mistaken. Eugen Richter's party was a sham; it consisted of a number of middle-class gentlemen who pretended to be democrats. Bismarck saw that the middle classes were too feeble to count, and overlooked the masses altogether. Modern Germany has both a middle class and a working class. The former has come into being with the industry which it has created. Numerically small, it is the richest party in Germany, and gold weighs heavily in the political scales. Politically that working class was created by the suffrage which Bismarck granted, but it was denied adequate expression. Deprived of any form of Ministerial control, the Reichstag found itself a fifth wheel to the political coach, and the democrats were driven to a policy of passive resistance. The tactics pursued by the Socialist Left have brought about the extraordinary situation that a party which is now supported by more than three million voters has never exercised the slightest influence on the course of legislation. A policy of pure negation stands self-condemned, but in justice to Herr Bebel and his colleagues it must be admitted that their position was largely forced upon them by circumstances.

The financial scheme propounded by Prince Bülow was, in one aspect, a concession to the claims of the industrialists and the multitude. It was on the left wing—on the Liberals and on the Socialists—that he had to rely, and in the critical division he was beaten

by it. He had attempted to give the Left that position in politics which it had a certain right to hold. He had aimed at a change in the balance of the Constitution, and he was defeated. And here the question arises: Why did Prince Bülow resign? Why not dissolve, and if necessary dissolve again and again until he had at last convinced the reactionaries that he had behind him a combination of money and votes which was stronger than any Constitution and for which any workable Constitution must find room? It is at this point that we come upon the second of Bismarck's omissions. He forgot the Chancellor. He forgot, that is, to provide for an office which was something in itself apart from the dominant personality of its first occupant. Even as it was, Bismarck had to clothe himself with powers belonging properly to the Emperor as head of the Executive, and it was by depriving him of these powers that William II. eventually forced his resignation. But not until the crisis of last November did the full weakness of the Chancellor's position become apparent. At first sight, indeed, there never was a moment when the Chancellor was more powerful. For the first time since Bismarck's dismissal he found himself in direct opposition to the Emperor, and it was the Emperor who surrendered. But the victory was won not by the Chancellor but by the forces behind him. He spoke as the representative of the Federal Council, he had at his back all the influence of the Federated Governments, thoroughly scared at the difficult position in which the Empire had been placed by an irresponsible manager of foreign politics. Prince Bülow was far too astute a man to mistake his position. By himself he knew he was helpless. Behind him must stand either the Emperor or the Federal Council. Circumstances forced him to rely on the Council, and it was with their support that he formulated his scheme of financial reform.

At the critical moment that support was withdrawn. He had prepared plans so generous to the States in the matter of their financial contributions to the Empire that the Liberals were up in arms from the first. Somewhat to the surprise of the Federated Governments the majority in the Reichstag proved to be even more particularist than themselves. Prince Bülow was supported by the entire Left, by the very parties which regard the States Governments as the pillars of reaction and which are pledged to diminish their authority. Only by a dissolution which would result in the return of these parties in greater strength could the reforms be carried. Is it to be wondered that the Council refused to render a service to their bitterest enemies? The Prince found himself helpless. The Emperor could not support him. He had promised to efface himself seven months before, and an Emperor does not break his word. The Federal Council would not support him; the Reichstag, apparently the dominant factor, was in reality only able to force its will through the tacit concurrence of the Council, and was itself constitutionally inadequate to carry through a constructive policy. The Chancellorship suddenly emerged in all its weakness as the mouthpiece of the strongest political force in the State.

There is then no need to trouble about Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's programme, which will probably not be disclosed until the new session is opened in the autumn. But, whatever it be, it will not be his own programme, but that of the victorious particularists. He is indeed in an even weaker position than was his predecessor during the last fortnight of his term of office. Prince Bülow held a deserved reputation as an expert in foreign politics. He had been a most successful ambassador, and as a diplomatist was probably unsurpassed in Europe. His successor knows nothing of diplomatic work. The Emperor has chosen an expert in home affairs to deal with the domestic crisis which now confronts Germany. There is no need to question the absolute disinterestedness of his motives, but he cannot be blind to the increase in his own influence which the new appointment involves. He has pledged his word to be a constitutional Sovereign, but the Constitution expressly states that he is to represent the Empire in foreign affairs. His Chancellor is to

accept responsibility for foreign policy as far as the people at home are concerned, but that in no way permits a Chancellor to dictate a policy to his master. Prince Bülow, indeed, could possibly venture to do so, but that was because of the experience of the man and not on account of the importance of his office. Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg is a cipher in foreign affairs, and in the constitutional conflict he is not the protagonist but the prize of victory. There are three forces contending for supremacy in Germany to-day—there is the Emperor with his military and naval authority and his position as representative of the Empire as regards foreign States; there are the States, whose organ is the Federal Council; and there is the people as represented, or misrepresented, by the Reichstag. The Chancellor does not count, and History, who is a divinity with a sense of humour, smiles ironically over Bismarck's work.

THE COMING OF COMPULSION.

WHO would have thought even five years ago that an amendment hostile to compulsory service would be carried in the House of Lords only by a majority of twenty votes, in spite of the official condemnation of compulsion by the leaders on either side? We regret that Lord Lansdowne advised his followers to reject the Bill; and that the official Unionist whips should have acted as tellers. Nor can we believe that the Unionist party as a whole will welcome his action. A second reading of the Bill in the House of Lords would have brought the matter prominently before the nation without committing the party to any definite policy on the issue, and it is the work of the Lords to give a lead to public opinion. That is the great use of a second chamber, removed from the hysterical turmoil of a general election, and possessing men eminently qualified to speak with authority on any great national issue. We are glad that at any rate one party politician, who has held one of the greatest posts under the British Crown, should have spoken in no uncertain terms of the absolute necessity for introducing compulsion. Lord Curzon was not afraid of his convictions. None now can treat compulsion as the irresponsible idea of a few enthusiasts. In one respect Lord Middleton was not quite fair to Lord Roberts. Lord Roberts, he said, had already all the facts on the subject when he held his high post at the War Office; and the present state of affairs in no way justified his forming any new opinion. The European situation, however, has appreciably changed in the interim; and we think we are right in saying that Lord Roberts, when Commander-in-Chief, only agreed with Mr. Brodrick on the adequacy of our existing military preparations on the understanding that we should, in a European war, have the support of Germany.

When we come to consider in detail the arguments adduced by the opponents of Lord Roberts' Bill, they appear trivial and ill-informed. Lord Crewe ridicules as a platitude the historic idea that a citizen's first duty is to be qualified to defend his fatherland; and other speakers tell us that the influence of the barrack-room must be contaminating, whilst Lord Lansdowne, after telling us that public opinion is not yet ripe for such a change, has no more effective remedy to offer us than the formation of cadet corps and military training in schools. These remedies, as no doubt the speakers realised, are totally inadequate; and what can be said of the forethought of the politician who is ready to allow the very life of the Empire to depend upon so uncertain a factor as the outcome of perhaps even one naval battle? The issue of a great battle or a great campaign on land is uncertain, as all history shows. But it can rarely happen that either can lead to the annihilation of an army. But a navy can be wiped out in a single action; indeed we have not to carry our memories very far back to see that this is a possible result. Moreover, as Lord Milner truly pointed out, the primary duty of the Navy in time of war is not to be tied to our shores to ensure their in-

tegrity, but to protect our commerce and keep open our lines of communication. Some speakers again relied mainly on the argument that the cost would be prohibitive; and although the War Office officials have discarded the absurd figures which were issued on the subject under Mr. Arnold-Forster's régime, they still claim that the estimates of the National Service League are very much under the mark. We concede the point; for we have never yet known any new military scheme which has not far outrun the original estimates of its cost. Mr. Haldane's scheme is a case in point. But even granting that Lord Roberts' scheme may cost twice as much as is estimated, the amount is insignificant when the great issue of the security of the country is at stake. It was said that it would be unwise to tamper with Mr. Haldane's Territorial Army, which has already received the sanction of the Upper Chamber; and some speakers denied Lord Roberts' contention that a scheme of compulsion could easily be engrafted on Mr. Haldane's measures. As a fact, the one really good thing about the Territorial plan is that it does provide the plant for compulsion. We have now all the materials at hand. The country has been apportioned out into districts which should produce their requisite quota of men. The agricultural districts have to produce yeomanry and the densely populated areas their due supply of infantry. The force also has been provided with an adequate staff. We have already divisional and brigadier-generals and their staffs. Nothing but compulsion is wanted to make Mr. Haldane's scheme live. Ex-War Secretaries who, when in power, were not remarkable for the attention they paid to the advice of their military experts, now take refuge in the argument that as the present military advisers of the War Secretary are content with things as they are, it would be unwise to embark on any change. It is a remarkable fact, however, that whilst almost every soldier outside the War Office whose opinion counts is in favour of compulsion and distrusts Mr. Haldane's schemes, those inside that institution admire them. The entire brain of the Army, however, cannot be concentrated in the War Office. There must be some left without. So surely the opinion of the very large remainder, though not official, is worth considering. As Lord Newton wittily says, it is amusing to note how Lord Roberts' views are regarded in official circles. When they are in favour of some Government proposal they are treated as being as infallible as those of a Supreme Pontiff; but when they disagree with the proposals of those in power they are merely relegated to the background as being those of an obsolete Victorian soldier.

But whilst we support Lord Roberts' Bill, and regret its rejection, we are not departing from our original standpoint. We still maintain, as some of the adverse critics did in the debate, that it does not go far enough, and that its provisions as to training and service are inadequate. An initial training of four months, with an annual one of a fortnight afterwards, is not enough, though it is good as far as it goes. But what can we think of a country which will not accept such a modicum of compulsion? We do not admit, however, that popular opinion is so adverse as is generally supposed. The present conditions are extremely unsatisfactory. The man who is patriotic enough to serve in the Territorial Army is likely to be absolutely handicapped in time of stress. Two men are working side by side. The "terrier" is taken, whilst his fellow-workman actually scores by his patriotic endeavour, because as workmen become scarce wages rise. Compulsion would rectify this. The burden would fall equally on all. Moreover, it is quite clear now that compulsion must come. Let us pray that it may not come only as the outcome of some terrible national disaster, when all efforts at redress will be unavailing. We agree with Lord Lansdowne that it would be lamentable if the introduction of compulsion had the effect of starving the Regular forces and the Navy; but we do not agree with him in thinking that recruiting for the Regular Army would be prejudiced. Indeed, the weight of probability is all the other way.

Military training and military life, as it is nowadays, are incentives to recruiting; and in any case the class from which we draw recruits for the Regular Army—mainly those who, possibly through no fault of their own, have not done well in the labour market—would not be affected. One point remains which we wish once more to emphasise. There is still the idea that most men in the prime of life would be called upon to serve. But were compulsion introduced to-morrow, not one single voter would be taken. No man can exercise the franchise until he is twenty-one. But the military age in all conscribed countries is twenty. It is not putting patriotism very high to call attention to this. But it is true; and when once our patriotic electors realise that conscription will not mean *their* being conscribed, not a man of them will hesitate to support conscription.

THE SHAH AND HIS ENEMIES.

IT was the late Musaffer-ed-Din Shah, as everyone knows, who granted a Constitution to Persia. He had suffered for some years from Bright's disease, and when he last journeyed to Europe, with all the disastrous expenditure that the moving of a Persian Court demands, it was not to be photographed with the Prince of Wales or Kaiser, but to be given new prescriptions by the doctors of Berlin and Paris. Always he had this idea of dying slowly, and so he was easily "brought to reason" by some ten thousand "agitators", who used the time-honoured method of "Bast"; that is to say, he was frightened into submission when his enemies retired to the grounds of a sympathetic Legation, though it would seem they were thereby only suggesting that he was no sportsman. Musaffer rests now in a corner of the Takieh, or theatre, which stands among the Royal buildings in Teheran. This town palace of the Shahs has been deserted and emptied by Mahommed Ali, and certainly as one goes through its deserted gardens, courts and council chambers it seems very certain that the old régime is at an end. Luxurious of body during his lifetime, Musaffer-ed-Din looked for a luxury of soul after death, and he gave instructions that he should be removed early to some chosen and holier shrine. But who now cares for his dying wishes?

Freedom, then, had no very glorious beginnings in Persia, and perhaps that is why Mahommed Ali has never learned to respect the word. He does not, however, admit that he has been animated by any hostility to representative institutions; and as he is a keen-sighted, vigorous-minded observer, his attitude is well worth attention. In his view certain mischief-makers took advantage of the unfortunate circumstances in which he came into his inheritance. Obviously his father bequeathed a very unpleasant situation—the State was pretty well bankrupt, the dignity of the Kajars gone, the traditions of their policy broken, the Bab heresy abroad in the Church. Still he was determined to make the best of things, and had no intention of falling out even with so foolish and unnecessary a body as the Medjliss. As a matter of fact he did fall out, quite in the approved fashion of kings, with his Parliament; but that was all the doing of those evilly disposed persons in the background.

The mischief-makers have been of his own household. One of his brothers started a revolt in the province of Hamadan immediately after the coronation. He imagined himself a Napoleon, and so dreamt among other things of the conquest of India. This prince was suppressed. If he still lives, even his most credulous friends must have ceased to be interested in his imaginings now that they have noted Persian military capacities as displayed during the present civil war. Among the members of the royal family to-day there does, however, stand out one considerable personage, the Zill-es-Sultan, a brother of the late Shah. A consideration of his position and claims leads at once into the complicated domain of royal relationships. The Zill only failed to secure the throne

on Nasr-ed-Din's death because his mother was not of royal blood. But he made his name as Governor of Isfahan. While there he was more than once in trouble with his brother, but he outlived Musaffer-ed-Din, and was ruling practically over the whole of Southern Persia when his nephew came to the throne; he had become exceedingly wealthy, and was not yet past middle age. Now Mahommed Ali had scarcely a better claim to the throne than the Zill had had, for his mother was of royal blood on one side only; moreover, she was a divorced wife. It is easy to understand how the new Shah became suspicious of his kinsman, and how his suspicions deepened into certainties when he found himself threatened and thwarted by the Anjumans and the Medjliss, and later again when he heard of those well-fed, well-armed European mercenaries who were pouring into Northern Persia on evil intent all last spring. Meanwhile the Zill had hurried to Europe; he had left his country before the Royalist triumph in June last year, and was not home again when the Shah in May of this year seemed to be giving up the fruits of that triumph. About a week ago at a significant moment there came the news that he had landed at Enzeli.

On the whole it seems very likely that court rivalries have in the past been largely responsible for the Shah's difficulties. Certainly he would seem to have been swayed very often by personal animosities and prejudices, and thus only can the worse features of his conduct be explained. At the present moment, however, the ambitions of the Zill will probably have a limited scope. The vague hopes of the Persian people run in other directions. So capable a tax-collector could have no place in the Utopia. Curiously enough, the duel between Zill and Shah has a bearing on the more or less international aspect of the situation. The Zill, it should be known, has always been a self-constituted protégé of England—hence last year when his activities caused anxiety the Shah telegraphed to King Edward on the subject. The Shah on the other hand regards himself as a protégé of Russia—hence the number of Caucasians and other disaffected subjects of the Tsar who have entered Teheran in the name of Liberty and the Constitution. The fact is that neither the Royalists nor the Nationalists have accepted the Anglo-Russian agreement as an accomplished fact, signifying an entire change in the British and Russian policies in Persia. Like the Zill the Nationalists fancy that they are England's protégés; they argue that the Shah has been encouraged in his resistance by Russian support and promises, and that, therefore, England ought to stand by them in the arena. The complaints which they make of a British betrayal do not however seem very serious, for, after all, the constitutional movement cannot on their own showing be of value unless it represents a desire on the part of the people to learn the habit of self-reliance and to prove their capacity for the independent conduct of their own affairs. Still, from Great Britain's point of view, a closer association on her part with these would-be allies of hers might have been good policy. The Nationalist picture of Russian intrigue is no doubt grossly exaggerated. It is not proved that Russia has tried to take advantage of Persia's distracted state. At the same time events have shaped themselves to give her the opportunity and to damage England's prestige rather badly. This country has so obviously played second fiddle.

But that is Great Britain's affair, not Persia's. And it would be well if patriotic Persians were in the future to refrain from over-estimating the importance of their country's fate, as it concerns Great Britain or Russia or any other Power. If Persia—Royalist or Nationalist—wishes to be taken seriously, she must renew her energy and courage, and cease to depend upon the chance and changing circumstances of British and Russian necessities. Neither England nor England's "spiritual child", the Medjliss, can of itself make Persian life worth living. For the moment we wait for the smoke to clear from Teheran, and then we ought to know if there is really any hope for an unfortunate country.

ELECTIONEERING FINANCE.

ON Tuesday night, under excellent stage management, and after evident rehearsal with "the play boys of the western world", Mr. Lloyd George exempted small holdings from the increment tax, so that a millionaire may go free, while a penniless man must pay merely because it is his misfortune to hold a few perches more. It was done under an Irish disguise, all "in response to an invitation from Mr. Redmond and his colleagues", whose care for the comfort of agricultural land is so well known.

It has been discovered lately that many people have small holdings, that many more would like to have them, that they all could influence bye-elections, and even general elections. Before that discovery, there was little thought of exempting the small holder, and no need of the "invitation from Mr. Redmond" to disguise the Radical fear of British public opinion. Such is the tactical prudence with which heroic ideals can be trimmed to party convenience; but things that are inherently wrong have a way of exposing themselves in practice, and though the raw Radical of the villages may be slow to see it, this exemption of the small holdings starts a play of motives that must reveal the absurdity in the end. Can Mr. Lloyd George have fully considered the effects of his concession?

The usual place for a small holding is near a town, on the border of the building margin, where the holder may live while earning wages in the town, and where the market gardener may be near his customers; and the main idea is to exempt the land so long as it is not used for building, no matter how much its building value may grow in the meantime. So far, there is an inducement to convert idle building sites into market gardens, and that is to the good; but as the purpose is only temporary, there is an equal inducement to do the thing hideously. There will not be much concern with architecture about the building of new houses that may have to come down before five years; and, on a tenure so precarious, there will not be much reason to maintain a reserve of fertility in the soil. The outlook is to assure poverty in production and ugliness in aspect; yet in proportion to the extent of the tax evaded, there must be an economic need for this temporary tinkering while the site "matures" for the jerry builder. The exemption does not extend to a small holding worth more than £500, the Welsh conscience having reduced British justice to a question of arithmetic.

Take the man who has a holding in the same situation worth £10,000. He bears the new tax, but, in proportion to its extent, it will pay him to divide it up into twenty small holdings, each below the taxable limit. Even apart from the tax, he might sell it for more in twenty lots than in one; but, the tax in force, he can certainly secure by the division an increase in some proportion to the impost evaded. It is claimed that the tax will not lessen the selling value of the land bearing it; but it must certainly increase the value of the land exempted; so that, on the basis of the claim, the owner of the big plot may at once pocket a handsome profit out of Mr. Lloyd George's methods. Then comes the question of economy in building, which affects rent and housing. The smaller the plot, the harder to build on it at a profit, and the greater the inducement to build badly. A builder may have a handsome and economic scheme on the £10,000 basis; but with this divided into twenty, he may be able to secure only three of the twenty plots together, making a little scheme on the basis of £1,500 only. Buying on the smaller scale, the builder pays more for his material. His mortar-mill is enough for a scheme ten times as large, and in every other way his fixed charges are high in proportion to the scope and profit of his undertaking. The law of diminishing return is against him, and, to build at a profit, he must try to produce the worst possible buildings at the highest possible rents. With the economics of the affair thus subdivided on small margins, the architecture must be mean to match, and only the more disreputable class

of builders can be attracted. With one little building scheme completed, there is every inducement for the small holders round it to hold out for still higher prices, and so long as they make a fair pretence that the land is in small holdings worth no more than £500, the tax cannot touch them. Care will be taken to hold on to the fee simple and work the small holdings on the tenancy principle, so that the owner may draw the equivalent of a double rent, constantly increasing, first from the agricultural tenant, and secondly from the increasing value of the fee simple. Is it not obvious that the whole thing makes for the comparative increase of house-rent and the comparative degradation of the building standard? Yet the boast at the beginning of the Budget was that it would "force building land into the market", and so reduce rent. That, however, was before the bye-elections had revealed the influence of the small holders at the ballot-box. Whatever the action of the Lords on the Finance Bill, the Budget ought to be kept before the House of Commons as long as possible, so that the largest possible number of bye-elections may take place before the Upper House make their decision. In so far as can be seen from their methods, the Government are prepared to drop any part of the Budget that may be found inconvenient to their party purposes.

Take the man who has a £10,000 plot and wishes to evade the tax while keeping the land in his own possession. He can lockspit the twenty patches himself and sell them to twenty of his family and friends, with properly legal conveyances; and then they can sell them all back again to him, so that he remains the owner all the time, but in shape to evade the tax-gatherer. So long as the transfers are duly registered, Mr. Lloyd George cannot interfere without a farther and still more obvious betrayal of his methods; and the whole shuffle can be achieved even without calling on the bank for a temporary overdraft to finance it. If necessary, the owner of the twenty plots can put up wooden shanties and collect twenty tramps to do a little digging; or, if he be a strong man in the County Council, he may contrive a combination of labour colonies and market gardening until such time as his estate has "matured". Then he can throw the whole twenty plots back again into one if it pays him; and the Treasury is defeated from beginning to end, though the land is all the time really a building estate held for higher prices. In short, there is no end to the trickeries necessitated in the lower places when trickery has become the standard in the Chancellorship of the Exchequer.

Is it that the significance of the bye-elections was revealed too suddenly for Mr. Lloyd George to mature his exemptions before announcing them? It is hard to think that a man of his cleverness could have made such a muddle if he had had time to reflect. One of his own reasons for the exemptions is that taxes on small holdings are expensive to collect; but is not this a further reason for every victim to convert his land into some form of small holdings as soon as he can? The trickery can but hurt Radicalism itself in the end, multiplying small holders, and creating for each a business necessity to oppose the methods of Radical finance. The active extent of the causes and motives which we have indicated will depend on the pressure and effect of the exactions. If great enough to produce revenue, the exactions must certainly make it worth while to apply those methods of evasion in self-defence; and if the evasions be not worth the trouble, the new scheme can produce no revenue worth considering.

THE WORK OF THE CANCER RESEARCH FUND.

THE distinguished pathologists who are engaged in investigating cancer must ardently wish for a public educated in the history of scientific research. They themselves lose neither heart nor hope, and they are assured that in the end their labours will benefit the world. To the ordinary man seven years spent by experts in the study of one scientific problem without

any decisive result that can be communicated in popular language appear wasted. He asks, in the case of cancer investigation, Have you found out what causes cancer, and have you found a cure for it or a means of prevention? If he finds that no definite answer can be given to him as a plain man, one knows that his interest will cool and his subscriptions fall off. This is unfortunately the state of mind of the general public when the seventh annual report of the Imperial Cancer Research Fund appears and its annual meeting is held. Subscriptions will fall off and the faith of many wax cold, but we cannot believe that wealth and intelligence are so divorced that the investigations will be crippled for lack of funds. If the investigators were themselves losing heart we might despair, or if they were too eager to publish conclusions which excited our hopes we might distrust them. But they have a "scientific conscience", and those who know the history of scientific discovery are aware that the great discoverers do not make premature and immature disclosures. Usually they work for years in silence, and only an inner circle knows what is going on. Then a Newton or Darwin, a Pasteur or a Lister comes into the mouth of a public that is informed of a result without having an idea of the long process that has preceded. The investigations of the Cancer Fund started in circumstances known to the public. A yearly scientific balance sheet had to be presented which few understood. The process was as mysterious as making diamonds, but diamonds were expected and large dividends immediately.

This impatience is quite natural and quite unreasonable. Cancer has been investigated and treated by the medical profession for centuries. The Cancer Fund organised investigation more completely than it had been before; but it was never imagined by those who understood the nature of the disease that organisation would make a short cut to its origin and cure. Let us take an illustration from a different subject. We organise our polar expeditions now with far more completeness and with much better knowledge of the conditions than the early explorers had, but after so many years the poles are not yet reached. The explorers know much better than we others why they are so often baffled. If our lives and health, our happiness and misery were dependent on their success, how ignorantly impatient we should be at their failures! As it is we are free to be reasonable. We can allow for what we do not understand. We have confidence in the character and accomplishments of the explorers; and if they believe they will ultimately plant the flag at the poles, we catch their enthusiasm and are willing to subscribe for an indefinite number of expeditions. We ought to think of the Cancer Fund's investigations in a similar way. It is a fact of great importance to have proved that the course of cancer as it can be observed in the laboratory agrees with it as it occurs in man, and forms a sound foundation for studying the disease in the human species. The study of cancer is thus put on the same experimental basis as all other studies in physical science. It is evidently a great advantage if the phenomena of cancer in animals are established as being essentially the same as those of cancer in man. One interesting fact is mentioned by Sir William Church bearing on the question of heredity of cancer: "The breeding experiments from mice derived from cancerous stocks are as yet insufficient for determining the frequency of cancer in mice with a cancerous ancestry." Anti-vivisectionists leap at an admission of this kind, and assert that it shows experiments on animals prove nothing as to man. But this is a fallacy. All the experiments that can be made on man so far have left the question of heredity in obscurity. The experiments in breeding animals as yet cannot be taken one way or the other; but in this case there is far more control over the experiments; and it is this control that makes experiment more trustworthy than mere observation or intuition—than guesswork in short. And so with other results which cannot be stated in a positive form. Certain negative results are already of great import-

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ance to the public. Many hypotheses that put research on wrong tracks have been shown to be untenable. With them go mistaken methods of treatment and pretended "cures" founded on erroneous theories or on imposture facilitated by imperfect knowledge. Beyond these claims the investigators will not go, though their reticence conceals the fact of many important pathological discoveries which would be unintelligible to the untrained. But they enable those by whose authority we should be guided to declare confidently that the ultimate objects of the Fund will be attained. To them the progress has been quite as decided and rapid as they expected it to be at the outset; and the public which has no interest but in a proclaimed cure must know that without patient scientific investigation, no matter how many years it may occupy, there will be no "cure". There is strong temptation to exaggerate the effect of what has been done. Mr. Gerard Fiennes pointed out that even negative results if they could be announced would be of enormous value to the health of the community and they would certainly bring in subscriptions. For instance, Mr. Fiennes said, "if as soon as the fact was scientifically established, a declaration could go forth that cancer was not hereditary and not communicable, it would have a vast therapeutic effect on the army of the well. It was only the other day that an acquaintance of his told him that he was living in dread of the onset of the disease of which one relative after another had died. That condition of mind, he had reason to know, was not uncommon". Many of us know that it is quite common. Surely, however impatient the public may be, it must see in the work of the Cancer Research Fund the one chance of learning some day that this burden of evil has no longer to be borne. Hardly less insidious is the temptation to exaggerate results owing to the attitude of the opponents of experiments on animals. The absence of announced discoveries by the Fund enables the Anti-Vivisection Societies to disparage its work and to persuade the public that it loses nothing by withdrawing its support. This we are convinced is altogether a mistake; and there is a real danger that the Fund may suffer. Quite evidently it is at a critical moment in its history. It needs an endowment to make it independent of ignorant popular feeling, which is far too precarious a basis on which to found scientific research.

THE CITY.

THE Stock markets have been very dull and uninteresting all through the week, and the Mining market has been actually weak. Notwithstanding the active liquidation that has been proceeding in the South African market for the last three accounts, and the sensibly diminished volume of the commitments for the rise, it appears that all the weak bulls have not yet been eliminated. Or, to put it more accurately, those who bought stock to help the lame ducks during the slump have been disappointed in their hope of unloading at a profit; so that they are still pressing shares upon the market. The big houses will do nothing for the present, and the public naturally holds aloof from a stagnant market. How long this state of things will continue it is impossible to predict. The holidays do not make so much difference as formerly, as the telephone and telegraph are more handy than they used to be at seaside resorts and in country houses. The Jungle always sympathises with the Kaffir circus, and things are sluggish there too, though the backers of West African shares are more earnest and enthusiastic than the Kaffir dealers. Undoubtedly such shares as Fanti Mines and Gold Coast Agency are cheap at present prices. The only mining share that has dared to lift its head is the Alaska Treadwell, which has risen to 54 on very favourable developments at the mine. Amongst industrials, Pekin shares and Shansis have been strong, the former being bid for at 11; and it is whispered—though tell it not in Gath—that certain people are buying for control with a view to changing the chairman.

The Argentine railway market is steady at lower prices. The issue of Buenos Ayres and Pacific debentures has not been taken quite so well as it deserved to be, considering its security and the prevalent cheapness of money. Mexican Southern remain about 70, despite the rupture of negotiations with the Mexican railway. Leopoldina ordinary are slowly rising, and Yankee rails continue to defy bears and the crop reports that are always used at this time of year to disturb values. Steel Commons have risen to 72, and are talked of as likely to go to 90. An addition to the Cobalt properties dealt in on the London market is shortly to be made by La Rose Consolidated Mines Company, which has a capital of seven and a half million dollars.

The price of rubber has risen to 7s. a pound, and some people predict that it will rise to 10s. This has caused the shares of a great many rubber companies to advance to very high premiums, such as Malacca Preference, Linggi, Bukit Raja, Consolidated Malay, Anglo-Ceylon, Vallambrosa, Kapar Paras and many others. Nearly all these companies have very small capitals, on which they are able to pay very high dividends, in many cases 60 or 70 per cent. This gives the public rather an inaccurate notion of the rubber-producing industry. The capital is raised to cover the jungle value of the estate, usually from £2 to £3 an acre, plus the amount that must be spent on clearing, planting, weeding and tapping. This comes to between £30 and £40 an acre. The cost of producing a pound of rubber in Ceylon and Malaya is pretty uniformly 1s. 4d., and the freight, insurance, dock charges and brokerage in London another 3d., bringing the cost of a pound of rubber up to 1s. 7d. In the present market the best rubber can be sold at 6s. 7d. or more, leaving the producer the enormous profit of 5s. a pound. This of course cannot last for ever, though it may easily last for another year. The Brazilian rubber, compared with which the output of plantation rubber is a mere fleabite, is in the hands of three or four firms, all acting for the United States Rubber Trust; and it is said that these men, foreseeing the great increase in plantation rubber that is coming fast, are determined to make hay while the sun shines; in other words, to keep up the price of rubber while they can. We are of opinion therefore that the market for rubber shares is not likely to collapse for some time to come. We hear that there is a new process brought from France for treating the latex, or raw gum, which will save the elaborate rolling and drying that is now done in the estate factories in Ceylon and the Malay Peninsula. There is also a new process for treating and remaking old rubber.

INSURANCE: CONFEDERATION LIFE.

COLONIAL life offices earn with safety a rate of interest that is appreciably higher than that yielded by the funds of English and Scottish life offices. We have recently been examining the valuation returns made to the British Board of Trade by the Confederation Life Association of Canada, the first returns of this kind which have been published. One significant fact is that the total life funds invested and uninvested yielded interest at rates which increased from £4 12s. per cent. in 1903 to £5 per cent. in 1906 and to more than £5 3s. per cent. in 1907. These are high rates of interest which can be obtained in Canada with entire safety. The measure of the surplus derived from interest is not, however, the actual rate earned, but the difference between the rate assumed in valuing the liabilities and the actual return upon the funds. Very fairly, as it seems to us, life offices in the colonies and the United States do not value all their liabilities on the same basis. The Confederation Life, for instance, values all policies issued since 1899 on a 3 per cent. basis, and policies issued at previous dates are valued at higher rates of interest. The effect of this plan is to avoid diminishing bonuses on old policies by using the surplus to strengthen the reserves instead of distributing it among the assured. Since the Confederation Life commenced business in the United

Kingdom all its policies here have reserves held for them on a 3 per cent. basis, and, the rate of interest earned being over 5 per cent., there is the very large margin of more than 2 per cent. per annum of the funds accumulating for bonus purposes.

For various reasons, which we have explained from time to time, a very high rate of interest is normally accompanied by a high rate of expenditure, and the Confederation Life is no exception to this general rule. The expenses absorb 29 per cent. of the total premium income, which is a high rate of expenditure. To judge fairly of the economy or otherwise of management we ought to know the amount of the premium income on the new policies issued each year. We have reason to believe that it is large, in which case even 29 per cent. of the premium income might not prove an excessive expenditure. The association was founded in 1871, and is developing vigorously: this is of necessity an expensive process, but it may well prove a wise expenditure, and in any case a large influx of lives that have been medically examined recently tends to produce favourable mortality. For these and other reasons the tests which are applicable to very old offices doing a moderate new business and earning a comparatively low rate of interest on their funds break down when applied to a vigorous colonial society exhibiting rapid expansion and earning with safety a very high rate of interest.

Sooner or later—probably next year—a new insurance law will be passed by the Canadian Parliament which, though by no means in accordance with English notions, is calculated to make certain of financial security without unduly interfering with the free development of the companies. Canada, like most countries outside the United Kingdom, is committed to State supervision and control of insurance companies, and at the International Congress of Actuaries, where the subject has been discussed, the English and the Scottish representatives for the most part stood alone in deprecating that State supervision which prevails in most countries and which is wisely avoided in the Bill at present before the House of Lords.

Colonial offices such as the Confederation Life are in a position to offer great advantages to policyholders and annuitants under contracts where a large surplus from interest plays the most important part: this happens in the more expensive kind of policies, such as endowment assurances, particularly those for short terms, and annuities. The wise man wanting to invest his money in assurance naturally takes advantage of the peculiarities of different companies, and the good colonial life offices afford him the opportunity of benefiting in certain circumstances by the enterprise and prosperity of our British colonies.

The Confederation Life has recently changed its management in the United Kingdom, and has appointed as its representative in this country Mr. L. H. Senior, who has a long and successful record with important offices in England. This should mean the prosperous development of the company here by the combination of English methods of management backed up by colonial enterprise and the financial advantages which Canada has to offer.

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN.*

By FIELD-MARSHAL SIR EVELYN WOOD V.C.

THE character of Neville Bowles Chamberlain would be perhaps most aptly described by the opening lines in the Prologue to Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales":

"A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That from the time that he first began
To riden out, he loved chevalrie,
Trouthe and honour."

I have been told by old officers who knew both Neville and Crawford that the younger brother, who was comparatively unknown, was equally grand in character,

and some considered that he was a greater man than his elder brother. It is impossible indeed to imagine anything finer than the determination, prompt decision and tact shown by Crawford Chamberlain in June 1857 in disarming two Bengal infantry battalions at Multan without the aid of any Europeans, except a few Garrison Artillerymen.

On the other hand, I cannot recall the name of any soldier in all the stories of the glorious hand-to-hand fighting warriors in our frontier expeditions and Indian Mutiny in whom was united to so remarkable a degree the burning desire to fight individually any number of our foes, coupled with such sincere pity and compassion for the vanquished, as we find in all records and opinions of Neville Chamberlain's character. It is probable indeed that many British officers would have shown the same solicitude as he did for the safety of the native women and children captured at Istaliffe on 29 September 1842; but there can scarcely have been other fighting men who were as sensitive and compassionate as this hero, who had himself been three times wounded before he attained his twenty-third birthday.

On 29 October 1842, during the retirement of the force under General Pollock from Jelalabad to Peshawur, Neville Chamberlain was in command of the rearguard. The morning having been very wet, the march was delayed, and Neville Chamberlain rode alone in front of his command before it had marched off into a ravine, where he came suddenly on three of the enemy; drawing his sword, the young man charged at them. The matches of their firelocks were not lighted, and, being frightened by Chamberlain's bold attack, one Afghan threw himself over a crag, a second hid himself behind rocks, while the third awaited the young Englishman's attack, who, having killed him, wrote thus to Mrs. Chamberlain: "I would now give back any honour or reputation I have gained not to have committed that one act". Sir Charles Napier, whose personal courage was remarkable, named Chamberlain "Cœur de Lion", and Sir James Outram wrote of him as "the most noble and bravest soldier who ever trod in Afghanistan".

Our hero was born at Rio de Janeiro in 1820, and joined the Woolwich Academy in 1833, where his tastes tended more to muscular than to intellectual exercises. When his mother and sister went to see him he was in the infirmary with "erysipelas in the head, the result of a fight, and we heard that he had spent a great deal of his probationary year in fighting".

At fifteen years of age the lad was sent home, it being considered he was unlikely to pass the final examination; but he received an appointment in the Bengal Army in the East India Service, and, sailing for India in February 1837, reached Calcutta early in June. He landed in stirring times, for in spite of the fact that the Burmese, Mahrattas and Nepaulese were in an excitable state, the Governor-General, Lord Auckland, had just been instructed by the home Government "that the time had arrived when it would be right to interfere decidedly in the affairs of Afghanistan".

The Governor-General determined to replace the then ruler of Afghanistan, Dost Muhammad Khan, a Barukzye, by Shah Sooja, a Saddukzye, who had been ousted by his brother five years previously. Lord Auckland made a tripartite treaty with Runjit Singh, the ruler of the Punjab, and Shah Sooja. The Governor-General had been assured by our officers who had visited Afghanistan that the Amir Dost Muhammad was detested by the people, and that Shah Sooja would be welcomed by a powerful party in Kabul.

This was an entire misapprehension, for which Lord Auckland can scarcely be held responsible, but it is impossible to accept Mr. Forrest's apology for Lord Auckland's memory that "he had no means of knowing Shah Sooja was the most incapable and feeble of men".

The Afghan was sixty years of age, known to be feeble and worn out in constitution; he was carried about in a chair, and was obviously no match for the active and energetic ruler whom it was proposed to dethrone. As Shah Sooja had lived for five years our pensioner in British territory at Ludiana there can be no excuse for ignorance as to his capacity.

* "Life of Field-Marshal Sir Neville Chamberlain G.C.B., G.C.S.I." By G. W. Forrest. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood. 1909. 18s. net.

Before the force designed for the invasion of Afghanistan crossed the Indus the Persians had raised the siege of Herat, and, one of the objectives being no longer in question, the so-called army of the Indus was reduced, but the two Chamberlains belonged to the troops which went forward.

It required seven days to pass through the Bolan Pass, a distance of sixty miles (over which there now runs a railway), for the track ascended over five thousand feet on the road to Quetta, then a small village of mud huts.

The Bengal column reached Kandahar, after suffering severe privations, on 23 April 1839. It had marched over a thousand miles, mainly across deserts and mountains, and was joined a fortnight later by the column from Bombay.

When the troops quitted Kandahar for Kabul at the end of June it was confidently stated that it would not fire a shot on the march, but Sir Alexander Burnes was misinformed, for on approaching Ghazni to reconnoitre it the General, Sir John Keane, was fired on.

It stood on a plain with parapets sixty feet high; and besides the difficulty of escalading, from the height of the walls, which could not be breached, as the heavy guns had been left at Kandahar, the place was surrounded by a wet ditch. There was a large wooden door closing the entrance on the Kabul side; and Sir John Keane, having only three days' food, determined to move round to the northern or Kabul side, blow in the gateway, and assault the fortress.

Mr. Forrest's account, as does also that of Neville Chamberlain, omits the most interesting and dramatic episode, the historian writing "The bugler had been shot through the head". This is an error, though a bugler was doubtless shot, for the Ghazni bugler was alive as a retired paymaster and honorary major just before the South African War.

Lieut.-Colonel Butler (now General Sir William G.C.B.), in "Far Out Rovings Retold", tells the story of "The Ghazni Bugler".

"As the powder exploded the massive gate disappeared and the walls fell inwards." One of the sappers, running back to where the main body of the assaulting column, 13th (now Somerset) Light Infantry, was halted, reported "The passage is choked with fallen masonry; the forlorn hope cannot force it". On this an officer ordered Bugler Luke White, 13th Light Infantry, to sound the "Retire". He replied "The 13th don't know it", and sounded the "Advance". Thus the strongest fortress in Afghanistan was carried, and Dost Muhammad, mistrusting his followers, crossed the Oxus River, and Shah Sooja re-entered Kabul on 7 August.

Sir Alexander Burnes, capable as he was, remained as ignorant of Afghan character as was one of our greatest Britons, John Lawrence, of Hindustani plots fifteen years later. Burnes reported in September "The noses of the Durranees chiefs have been brought to the grindstone", "Afghanistan is as quiet as an Indian district", and arranged to send back to India a part of the small garrison. On 2 November he was informed by a friendly Afghan that he was to be attacked, but he refused to believe him. Then Shah Sooja's Prime Minister warned him to go to the cantonment, but all such advice was disregarded, and shortly afterwards he, with his brother, was murdered.

In a few days all the Kabul district rose against the puppet Amir and his British protectors. Chamberlain was then at Kandahar, disabled by a severe wound received when leading a pursuit after a successful fight on the Argandab River. He was riding up a very stony narrow passage when he was attacked simultaneously by two Afghans. One of them, jumping from a rock, lit on Chamberlain's horse and drove a dagger into the young Briton's thigh; they rolled to the ground and, while the Afghan tried to force his dagger into Chamberlain's stomach, he, flinging his arms around him, bit the man's biceps so severely that he dropped the dagger and was killed by one of the native troopers.

When Chamberlain returned from Afghanistan with a great reputation he was appointed to the native Bodyguard then being formed, but suffered too much from

exfoliating bones from his leg to enable him to join at once. After having a finger amputated he was carried in a doli up to the battlefield of Maharajpur, and took part in the action. He was obliged to go to hospital again after the action, and after his wound had been treated vainly by injections of nitric acid, the diseased bone was removed by a painful operation which he underwent without an anæsthetic. He went to England to recover his health, but was back at duty in time to fight at Chilianwala in January 1849.

After acting as Military Secretary to the Punjab Board he suffered so much from fever that he took two years' leave to South Africa, and on his return was appointed to command the Punjab Frontier Force. He instituted for it what is now termed "field training", though, as he wrote in 1862, he was never able "to rise to the Horse Guards standard, despising slow time and toe-pointing parades".

Successive wounds had no effect on his nerves, for when at Delhi he saw on 14 July 1857 some infantry hesitate to advance, "he leaped his horse clean over the wall into the midst of the enemy and dared the men to follow him, which they did, but Chamberlain got a ball in his shoulder" (Lord Roberts' "Forty-one Years in India").

Again, in the Umbeyla campaign on 20 November 1863, when in command of the whole force, he actually led a column to retake for the third time the Crag Picquet, and was severely wounded.

In February 1876 Chamberlain got command of the Madras Army, returning to England in 1880. He was appointed a Field-Marshal in 1902, two years before his death.

The opening lines of this appreciation indicate the reason for his great influence over races which esteem courage as the first of virtues. He wrote well and with a keen enjoyment of the beauties of Nature, but he did not write willingly, and it was this probably which induced the author's treatment of the Life. It contains the most readable account of the British disasters in Afghanistan, but we learn in that part comparatively little of the hero, whose name for instance does not once appear in sixteen consecutive pages of Chapter IV.

"TESS" IN GRAND OPERA.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

I FEEL sure that if Mr. Max Beerbohm had attended the first performance in England of Baron F. d'Erlanger's opera "Tess", which took place at Covent Garden on Wednesday evening, he would have had something more interesting to say about it than I have. Quite apart from what he would have said about the music, which would certainly have been interesting, he would have had most important things to say about the drama itself and the way in which M. Luigi Illica has constructed an Italian libretto out of the very English story which is Mr. Thomas Hardy's masterpiece. Dramatically the opera is interesting not because it is good, but because it is so very odd and strange, and this quality of oddity and strangeness is exactly what I should have liked Mr. Max Beerbohm to analyse and expound.

Mr. Hardy's story reeks of the soil; the smells of earth, the colour of the sky, the voices of birds and animals, and the drip and gurgle of the milk-pails are leading motives which are hardly ever absent from that complex composition. All this has been most wonderfully eliminated from the opera, and it is all done by the librettist; for the music is nearer the spirit of the "Tess" we know than Italian words can ever be. Indeed, one is tempted to wish that the opera could be sung to the admirable English prose translation of Claud Aveling, which is a model of what such things should be, and would help a little to produce some sense of the English soil to assist our illusion. As it is, I dare say it seemed very English in Naples; but at Covent Garden it was very modern Italian, very remote indeed from the land of Wessex.

The story of course has been altered—quite rightly;

but as it stands it is a drama without movement. The first act merely explains the poverty of the Durbeyfields, the rumour of their kinship with the family of d'Urbeville, and Tess's decision to go and seek for help from them. The second merely reveals a quarrel among the servants at D'Urbeville House, and the subsequent catastrophe to Tess. Instead of the splendid psychology of Mr. Hardy accounting for this catastrophe, however, the dramatic reason as shown on the stage is that a spiteful servant has locked the doors, so that Tess cannot get in in the evening, not even through the very practicable Tudor windows; and that consequently she yields to her seducer in the garden. Somehow the motive seems a little insufficient; one is under the impression that things do not happen quite so simply in real life. It is like those novels of Mr. Robert Hichens in which the whole courses of people's lives and characters are changed by their drinking a glass of liqueur or witnessing the performance of a country dance. The third act shows us that Tess has partly recovered from her mishap and put behind her the dark memory of her child, and is looking forward to a possible happy future with Angel Clare. And the last act shows us the bridal chamber, and Angel's paralysing discovery of poor Tess's history, and her acceptance of destiny in the shape of suicide. You see how little movement there is in all this, how little actually happens on the stage; and this makes the acts sometimes seem long where a little movement and incident would have sustained our interest.

The really weak point is the manner of Tess's downfall. A seduction is always an immensely popular theme with a theatre audience; it has made "Faust" immortal on the stage; people are so interested and thrilled, now sharing the wicked anticipation of the villain, now the maiden flutterings of the victim, and in the end having the privilege of sitting, quite unharmed, and shaking their heads over the consequences of sin. But the interest, like the interest of so many things in life, is almost all in anticipation. When it comes to the chase round the garden or room we are dangerously near the grotesque. The dramatically weak point of this opera is that the seduction does not take long enough, is too easily accomplished—the sole mechanism of the thing being, as I have said, two closed doors and a run round the garden.

It will be seen that I cling to the Wagnerian tradition that the drama itself is at least of as much importance as the music, although it is the fashion to say, "After all, the music is the thing". If you have to sit for three hours in a theatre, it is only half the thing. In the case of M. d'Erlanger's opera it is far and away the best half; from the beginning of the first act the music pleased me and won my sympathy, partly because it was very melodious without being banal, and so old-fashioned as to be almost Wagnerian. In fact one would describe M. d'Erlanger's style as a modern Italian version of Wagner. Often the orchestral accompaniment reminded me of the flowing score of "Meistersinger"; that kind of busy and happy animation of the orchestra that makes a background for one's thoughts while one is observing the drama is admirably achieved throughout the score. Often M. d'Erlanger has carried the flattery of his imitation a little too far; there are whole groups of bars at a time that have been lifted bodily from Wagner, both in sequence and in scoring and even in key—as, for example, certain passages, strangely reminiscent of "Walküre", which accompany the love duet in the third act. But the saving merit of this kind of thing is that it is unconscious imitation. M. d'Erlanger is so steeped in the music of his master that it comes straight out of his head in preference to something of his own. I cannot help contrasting this music with that of "The Wreckers", which we have lately been hearing—that angular and arid composition, so much deeper and cleverer than the music of "Tess", yet so much less human and beautiful. It is precisely those more obvious human qualities which one missed in Miss Ethel Smyth's work which are present in the score of

"Tess". Sometimes there is almost a superfluity; the long-drawn Italianised Wagnerian melodies become sometimes a little sugary, and one feels as though the conductor's fingers were getting sticky. But it is not for long; there are always relief and correction sooner or later. The thing flows on in a sequence of admirable vocal music accompanied by those deeper and more significant orchestral utterances which serve to represent the great talking voice of Destiny muttering its majestic monologue throughout the drama.

I know nothing about the conditions under which this work was produced at Covent Garden, nor to what extent, if any, Baron F. d'Erlanger's position as director of the syndicate may have given him advantage over other composers. All I know is that his opera was deserving of production on its own merits, and that it was very admirably produced. The scenery reflects the greatest credit on Mr. Harry Brooke, and both the colouring and lighting of the scene in the second act were singularly beautiful. As for the performance, it is very seldom that a new work receives such thorough justice at the hands of its interpreters. Mlle. Destinn was at her best and happiest in the high, bird-like music of Tess; Signor Zenatello as Angel Clare and Signor Sammarco as Alec both supported her admirably; M. Gilbert as Jack Durbeyfield, Mme. Lejeune as his wife, and Mlle. de Lys as Aby happily represented the atmosphere of Tess's old home; and I am inclined to think the first act and the early morning music that accompanies it the freshest and best piece of work in the opera. Of course a work that derives itself so directly from another composer cannot be put in the highest rank of art, but one can say truthfully of M. d'Erlanger's opera that it stands high in the second rank.

ROSES AND ROSE SHOWS.

"HOW vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, the bays."

So sang the poet, and surely to strive for the palm by exhibiting roses seems the idlest of all reasons for submitting oneself to the indignities of competition. The most ardent hunter of medals and cups must feel a qualm sometimes when he cuts a glorious bloom in all its unfolding freshness, wires it rigidly to a stick, and sets it up, stolid and expressionless, on a board in a mathematical pattern. Really to appreciate the fullness of beauty of a rose you must go out after breakfast when the sun is beginning to attain some power and the last dewdrops are evaporating: then the roses have just loosened their outer robes sufficiently to reveal the full glow of the petals and the tender changing shades which lie deep within. No hint of laxity has yet touched the form, and the colour has to its full that intoxicating quality which is shared by no other flower. By the afternoon a subtle change has come over the blooms, the breath of age has opened out the point, the red roses have taken on an indefinable purple shade, the pink roses are growing ashen, gone is the consecration and the poet's dream. Even the white roses which stand the best are now dead white, no longer maize-coloured or that faintest primrose which seems purer than white itself.

Of course there are those to whom all of the exhibitor's roses, the great built-up blooms of fold upon fold of petals, are anathema wholly. Like Perdita they hate the art which shares with great creating nature. The briar, whether exotic or from our own hedgerows, with its five unconfused petals curving into the perfect wine cup, brimmed up with colour and faint pervasive scent, crowned with the golden anthers, is for them the ideal flower which man civilises but to spoil.

But why be so intolerant? Why deny oneself any form of beauty in order to worship a principle? The symphony on the full orchestra is none the less glorious because there are times when the simple flute music of the solitary shepherd winds more subtly into the heart.

Let us grow and admire every kind of briar and rambler and the many loose decorative roses with their easy grace and wealth of colour, but none the less we will keep one section of the garden where the general effect is subordinated to a system of regular planting and close pruning that shall give us the finest possible individual blooms. There will always be two classes of gardeners, those who grow flowers to make glad their gardens and those who maintain gardens in order to grow flowers. But the mind of man is sufficiently divers et ondoyant to be able to harbour both ideals. And even the exhibitor of late years has come to recognise "garden" roses as worthy of a place in his shows, though in judging the competition he has had to abandon his insistence upon form as the prime criterion of excellence.

The first of the National Rose Society's shows held this year in the Botanic Gardens was by no means up to the usual standard. After so cold and sunless a June even the southern growers found the date very early, and the wonder only was how so many fine blooms had been got together. It is true that the finest blooms of all are those which develop slowly in cool weather, but the cool weather should follow heat, and the heat has been denied us. Still, here and there in the show were magnificent specimens which would satisfy the fancier in any year. But they were the exceptions, and the majority bore traces of the persistent rainy weather in their stained and spotted outer petals, which no amount of protection can obviate. Fortunately the London district practically had a second show this year, for Luton, where one of the provincial shows of the National Society was held last Wednesday, is not an hour out of town, and the date suited the majority of professional growers, especially the Colchester firms, to a nicety. Of course the great firms, the Dicksons and the Cants and their rivals, showed their boxes of forty-eight and thirty-six distinct varieties as wonderfully as ever; as wonderfully and, it must be said, as unattractively. There is no getting away from the necessity of showing flowers isolated on stands, when they are going to be judged absolutely and solely from a florist's point of view. The classes which have been created for exhibition roses in vases will continue to play only a secondary part in the exhibition, and the stand, however unadorned, must remain the dock in which the rose awaits its trial. There is, however, one defect in the ideal adopted by the judges which makes the show table so unattractive; shape, fullness, size, texture of petal are the items of excellence; colour and freshness are not regarded at all until the judge is driven to split straws in order to discriminate between two exhibits. Consequently the stands are over-full of blooms of a pale and undecided colour, enormous, rotund, with a technical point but otherwise distinctly ungraceful. These roses also by reason of their solidity and stoutness of petal have often been kept in a cut state for many days and have acquired a dull and livid complexion. The Dicksons of Newtownards have done so much for the modern rose that it is unkind to reproach them for any of their productions, but Marchioness of Londonderry, Alice Linsdell, Florence Pemberton, Bessie Brown, and others of that type are apt to be terribly dull and even unpleasing roses, though their size and formal regularity are such that the judges always award them high marks. Colour and freshness ought to count, and though the judge will tell you that such qualities are matters of opinion and cannot be marked on definite lines like form, we doubt the validity of the argument. At its best it would only mean that the roses must be submitted to judges and not to marking machines. We miss, too, nowadays the full scarlets and deep velvety crimsons of the old hybrid perpetuals. Neither in shape nor in size can such glowing fragrant favourites as Victor Hugo, Prince Camille de Rohan, Charles Lefebvre, La Havre stand up against the modern hybrid tea, but the colours of this latter class range almost exclusively among the pinks and creams. Certainly some deeper reds have been introduced of late, but none of them possesses that velvety dark shaded petal which is the glory of the older hybrid perpetuals. It is a

common complaint, too, that the newer roses are scentless; but though there are some striking instances, for example that otherwise perfect white rose, Frau Karl Druschki, the reproach was equally true thirty years ago, when such widely grown flowers as Baroness Rothschild and Her Majesty were also wholly without scent. However, the predominance of the hybrid tea nowadays does mean that the majority of roses possess only a faint odour of the "tea-scented" kind instead of the rich and almost fruity smell associated only with the deep-red hybrid perpetuals.

On first thoughts it may seem a pity that the judges should give so many points to size, but putting aside the instinctive and often irrational bent of human nature towards size which is seen in all the arts, every grower knows how difficult it is to attain the perfect shape in a big rose, although little ones that satisfy the eye can be picked by the half-dozen. In big blooms the faults leap to the eye, and the extra vigour which confers greatness is apt to bring errors and distortion in its train, a fact which is not without its bearing on our judgments of men.

Just as the "National" rose show is not exactly the place in which to enjoy roses, so it is very far from the best place for their choice when the stocking of your own garden is in question. Many of the varieties which yield "medal" blooms exhaust all their energies in the production of one or two flowers in the first year only of their life, so that the exhibitor has to rebud them every year, and the amateur who buys them as "cut-backs" only sees their lingering decline. No; selection is best made on a visit to the grounds of a nurseryman or even to the garden of a rose-growing friend when the season is at its height. The big shows are for the experts, the little local shows do the most to spread the true worship of the rose. There the blooms may be inferior, and the judge may often be put to it to decide between degrees of badness, but it is wonderful how an annual opportunity of displaying one's flowers to one's neighbours tunes up the care and attention given to the garden, and brings about the replacement of poor "anyhow" varieties by others which are equally easy to grow and take up no more room, but which will yield roses and not scrubs. Above all a little local show stimulates one's gardener and gives him a soul above cabbages. The love of the rose is latent everywhere, and it takes but a little training and opportunity to make it active. Not for nothing is the rose called the queen of flowers. It is more, for in all ages it has stood to men as the symbol of the passion and the purity hid in the heart of the woman.

SPORT, THE PRESS, AND HENLEY.

By REGINALD P. P. ROWE.

THERE was surely never a time when sport was so much advertised as at present. Every newspaper devotes many columns to it daily, and the doings of our prominent sportsmen are exhaustively chronicled and criticised. Yet never surely had England so little claim to pre-eminence in sport. The question naturally arises: "Is this because our opponents from overseas have improved or because we have deteriorated?" It would perhaps be some consolation to know that the colonies and other countries had learnt to better their teachers. It would at any rate be a net gain to sport as a science. But is there any ground for such a supposition? The Australians have beaten us twice at cricket at least as much through our bad play as through any super-excellence of theirs. The American polo players are undoubtedly a fine team, but the performance of our men was by everyone regarded as disappointing. The Belgians came to Henley with an eight a little less good than usual, but once again they carried off the chief prize of the rowing world.

One is unwillingly driven to the conclusion that in England sport has inclined to deterioration rather than improvement, and one cannot help wondering if there is any connexion between this tendency and the excessive newspaper advertisement with which it is coincident.

It is hard to trace any direct connexion between the two, but indirectly it can be seen that this newspaper talk adversely affects the true interests of sport. In the first place it has created a small but increasing minority who bitterly resent the hold of sport upon the country. "Flannelled fools at the wicket" was not a phrase which increased the popularity of its author, but many people felt that, though extravagantly expressed, there was some ground for the view adopted. That was years ago, and there is more excuse for it to-day. It may be that to the man of sober judgment the extreme militarist exceeds wisdom by no less than the worshipper of sport falls short of it, but this does not justify the ideals of the latter. Resentment to these ideals increases probably in proportion to their glorification in the sporting pages of the newspapers. But there is another much more serious indictment to be brought against the press in its attitude towards sport. Recent plays have suggested to our minds the problem "Does the press merely reflect or does it largely create public opinion?" Probably it does both—that is to say it increases any tendency which it discovers. The tendency it has discovered in sport is one which makes for the falsification of its very name. Sport is being turned into a business. The Americans began it, and we follow their example. To be any use as a sportsman nowadays one must specialise to the verge of professionalism. Otherwise one is relegated to the ever-increasing ranks of the lookers-on, for whom the sporting pages of the newspapers chiefly exist and who are content to play nothing themselves.

It might have been thought that specialisation in sport would have tended to increase skill. Unhappily experience has not taught us this. In cricket, for instance, though everyone writes to the papers to inform the Selection Committee what the England eleven should be, the very variety of the teams suggested makes it evident that there is less prominent talent among players of the game than formerly. A worse feature than this is that the men chosen have hitherto shown themselves notably lacking in nerve and self-reliance; and if sport fails to produce qualities such as these there must be something very wrong with it and little justification for its existence. In these circumstances can it be a matter of surprise that many good sportsmen of the cricket world should long for the day when the publication of averages (with its paralysing effect on the game as *sport*) shall be done away with, or that many true sportsmen of all kinds should condemn the rage for international matches and sigh for a future when sport will again be sport and not a specialised, much-advertised business?

Of all sports rowing is probably as yet the least professionalised. It is also perhaps the least advertised. The strictness of the amateur rule in rowing is little short of daring in these democratic days, but its existence is amply justified by results. For there is no doubt that rowing in England is still purely a sport, and as such productive of the best qualities of sportsmanship. Yet the Belgians have again carried off the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley Regatta. At first sight it would seem that rowing was suffering from the same disease as other sports, but its position, I think, is somewhat different and the trouble from which it has been suffering is peculiarly its own. It is true that it has suffered from "internationalism". Foreign crews, representing combined clubs, have come over to compete against our clubs and colleges represented separately. But this would not have mattered if the standard of our own oarsmanship had not fallen for quite other reasons. These reasons have to do with style, a matter of more importance to rowing than to any other sport because oarsmanship is essentially a science. On the whole orthodox opinion on style has been completely vindicated by the experience of the last few years, and never more emphatically than at last week's Henley Regatta. At the time when the Belgians were first victorious at Henley the English rowing world showed some inclination to lose faith in established principles, and powerful crews were winning races with a heavy dragging stroke in which "beginning" was conspicuous by its absence. The

Belgians came with a stroke which was little else than "beginning" and proved invincible. A small band of extremists immediately flew to the conclusion that the way to attain pace was virtually to eliminate all other elements of the stroke. The representatives of this new extreme of heterodoxy made so poor a showing at Henley that one cannot help believing that they themselves must see the error of their ways. At any rate, if the ardour of their faith is undiminished it is not likely to find fresh adherents. But the most hopeful sign at Henley was the marked improvement in the quality of many crews which frankly accepted the older ideals of good oarsmanship. Magdalen College, Oxford, rowing a long well-marked stroke, raced the Belgians to half a length from the inferior station on one of the worst "station" days seen of late years at the regatta. It is annoying, of course, to have results influenced by the luck of the draw, but it was a satisfaction to see at least one college crew well up to the level of the Belgians. So much it is necessary to say, even if it sounds ungracious to our visitors, in defence of English style. Mr. Kirby, the chief Magdalen heavyweight, was rowing under a serious disadvantage, being partially crippled, and Mr. Stanhope at stroke, though he raced pluckily, was obviously too light for the post. If the crew had possessed a stroke of the class of Mr. Bourne and if Mr. Kirby had been sound, most English rowing men would with some confidence have entrusted them with the defence of the cup against any Belgian eight which has yet come over. The Belgians were perhaps slightly less good than on some previous occasions, but they showed considerable pace and raced as pluckily as ever. Though many would with good reason wish Henley reserved exclusively for English club crews and would relegate international matches to rare and special occasions, it may be hoped that the Belgians will come once again next year, if only to learn that we have profited by what they had to teach, and not been content with merely imitating their shortcomings. We may even at last have something to teach them.

With regard to Henley there is little to add save that with few exceptions the rowing of club and college crews showed all-round improvement, and that the Eton and Radley eights were well above the average. Both schools were unlucky in the draw, and their representatives had little opportunity of showing their quality. Oxford crews were remarkably successful, no less than four out of the eight finals falling to Oxford colleges. In rowing at least England cannot fairly be said to be on the down grade. If this, as has been contended, is the fruit of amateurism, it is some excuse for the bias which has perhaps been shown against the tendency towards professionalism in other fields of sport.

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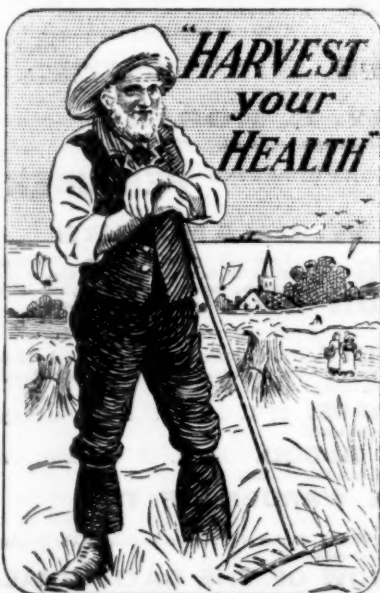
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TRAVEL BOOK SUPPLEMENT

LONDON: 17 JULY, 1909.

SOME BOOKS ON EGYPT PAST AND PRESENT.

"An Egyptian Oasis." By H. J. Llewellyn Beadnell
London: Murray. 1909. 10s. 6d.

"Au Temps des Pharaons." By A. Moret. Paris
Armand Colin. 1908.

"The Story of the Pharaohs." By James Baikie.
London: Black. 1908. 7s. 6d.

"Egypt in Asia." By George Cormack. London:
Black. 1908. 7s. 6d.

"Egypt and the English." By Douglas Sladen. London:
Hurst and Blackett. 1908. 21s.

TO those who belittle the work of the English in Egypt "An Egyptian Oasis" will give a good idea of the work done by an individual Englishman in Government service. Told in a simple style without any embellishments, it is a record of solid and painstaking work conducted under many difficulties and real hardships. Mr. Beadnell gives a very fair account of the historical monuments of Khargeh, but he is at his best when describing things of a more modern and practical nature, such as artesian wells, desert routes, and the work of the Geological Survey. In "Au Temps des Pharaons" Monsieur Moret has compressed into a small compass some of the results of modern archaeological investigations. The most interesting chapter is that entitled "La Restauration des Temples Egyptiens", in which he treats of the subject of restoration from the earliest known instances down to the present day. Restoration, according to the methods of the ancient rulers of Egypt, consisted largely of pulling down and breaking in pieces the works of their predecessors, and rebuilding as their own fancy and will dictated. The temples of Egypt have always needed careful and regular inspection, and to-day no less than in ancient times judicious restoration and strengthening are required. This demands good taste no less than architectural knowledge. A too lavish use of cement is disastrous from the artist's point of view, and although much valuable work has been done at Karnac and elsewhere, one cannot but regret the patchy and almost new appearance of many of the temples nowadays. But despite restored temples, modernised Cairo and Egyptians who ape the European and think that with their Frankish clothes they don Western culture, to the scholar and traveller Egypt must still retain her glamour of romance. As one nears the long, flat coast one remembers that off this self-same shore, crouching low on a mudbank, Odysseus shivered from cold and fright. And as the train takes us to Cairo through the seemingly limitless fields of the delta there comes to one's mind the same hero's tale to Eumæus of the raid by sea rovers on the crops and cattle of the Egyptians.

As the authors of "The Story of the Pharaohs" and "Egypt in Asia" show us, the Levant and Eastern Mediterranean traded with Egypt for centuries before Christ. As early as the third millennium B.C. Seneferu, last king of the third dynasty, fetched cedar logs from Lebanon, and in the tombs of the early dynastic kings at Abydos Petrie has found pottery that he identifies with the wares of Crete and the Aegean Islands. In the eighteenth dynasty, when the Cretan Empire—perhaps the Lost Atlantis of the Classics—was at the height of its glory artistically and as a naval power, the Egyptian ports and the Nile were thronged with the shipping, and the merchant vessels of every known nationality sailed right up to Thebes the hundred-gated, at that period the capital and emporium of the civilised world. Thither flowed the rich merchandise of Asia, South Europe, and Africa. Syria sent her woollen fabrics dyed purple, enriched with embroidery, and Nubia and the Sudan ivory, ebony, spices and the curious wares of Central Africa: in the storehouses of gods and kings the gold

lay piled up in heaps. At this period, perhaps the most interesting to ourselves, Egypt after the expulsion of her alien rulers, the Hyksos of Josephus, awakened into a new and vigorous life and her past weakness forgotten, had, like her own Nile in flood, overflowed all her borders and, sweeping her foes before her, poured into Palestine. Then the princes of Syria became her vassals, the lands beyond the Euphrates paid her tribute, the peoples of the Tigris region and in the islands of the Mediterranean brought gifts. While Egypt spread north-east, she also extended her Empire southward, and brought civilisation and ordered government into the Sudan, which was ruled by an Egyptian viceroy and subordinate officials.

For about three hundred years this Empire lasted, except for a short interval at the end of the eighteenth dynasty. The break-up commenced at the death of the third Rameses, second king of the twentieth dynasty, in the year 1167 B.C. After his death Egypt plays no important part in world-politics till the twenty-sixth dynasty, the age of Psammetichus and the archaic revival, except for a brief period under Shishak of the twenty-second dynasty, when Egypt once more obtained a foothold in Palestine and enjoyed a short-lived predominance in Asiatic affairs. But the inevitable collapse soon followed, and Egypt once more became a collection of petty principalities, each one struggling for the mastery over the others, as in the more recent age of the Mamelukes. Under the twenty-sixth dynasty rulers, for instance Psammetichus and Amasis, Egypt for the first time comes in contact with modern Europe. This period sees the advent of the Greeks, who rapidly became, as they are to this day, the traders and money-lenders of the country. The characteristic of this dynasty is archaism in art and religion and modernism in politics. While seaport towns are founded especially for trade with the foreigners, and the monarch makes alliance with Greek potentates and encourages intercourse with other nations, the priest and artist, instead of seizing their inspirations from the present, with all its possibilities, look far into the dim and distant past, beyond the days of the great emperors, beyond the days of Sesostris and the Middle Kingdom, back to the times of the Pyramid-builders, when Mykerinus reigned at Memphis and the fifth-dynasty religious texts were engraved on the walls of the royal tombs at Saqqarah. So the State religion and art became more and more something apart from daily life, and priest, scholar and artist looked askance at the modern world and held themselves aloof. No longer, as in the days of Egypt's real greatness, did they express the national spirit and ideals. The religious hymns of the Empire, written in the popular language, were succeeded by a dry and archaic formalism and a jumble of ancient texts hardly understood and utterly out of touch with the spirit of the times. The newly arisen might of Persia soon shattered this outworn Empire, and Persia gave place to Alexander and his successors, only to be followed by Rome, the Arabs and the Turks, and finally the English. This severance of art and State religion from the life of the present, so prominent under the twenty-sixth dynasty rulers, increased more and more under the Greek Ptolemies, and everything was done to make them unintelligible to the masses; so the inscriptions became hieroglyphic indeed, a priestly writing. The condition of Egypt in this later period is not altogether unlike that of to-day. The foreign element is getting more and more pronounced, and as the upper classes become imbued with Western culture so they become the more out of touch with the feelings of the masses. As in the past, so to-day, the priest looks askance at the trend of events, as the old order changes. The best element in Egypt loves the old paths and sighs over the lapses of the semi-Europeanised Effendi. Mr. Sladen unfortunately appears to know but little Arabic, and seems ignorant of the habits and condition of the country people, the backbone of Egypt. His opinions are culled from officials and from what he has seen of the town-bred clerk in his ill-assorted Frankish garb and the natives who have been contaminated by tourists. Lady Duff-Gordon draws a very different picture of the fellah

and country landowner. If the Egyptian has deteriorated in the last twenty years it is largely owing to the misconduct of the tourists with a moral tone far lower than that of the well-conducted fellahin. Despite what Mr. Sladen may say, there are Egyptians who are capable of loyalty, pluck, endurance and gratitude—even of telling the truth. No man has a right to judge the Egyptian nation as a whole unless he has some knowledge of Arabic and knows at any rate a little of the country people. The fellahin believe in the English, and look upon them as their protectors against the greed and corruption of the native official. This belief has so far withstood all attacks in the scurrilous native press and the seditious utterances of Nationalist agitators and disloyal English members of Parliament. But unless there is some change in present methods it is likely to be imperilled.

GIRDLING THE EARTH ANEW.

"Round the World in a Motor Car." By Antonio Scarfoglio. Translated by J. Parker Heyes. London: Richards. 1909. 15s. net.

THE Italian seems to have developed something in the nature of a passion for motoring through half-explored continents. Eighteen months ago we noticed Signor Barzini's account of Prince Borghese's remarkable trip from "Peking to Paris". Now we have a sort of companion volume in which Signor Scarfoglio describes in amusing detail the incidents, the adventures, the thoughts, the emotions which accompanied his motor race from Paris round the world.

The experiences of the little party in this rush across America, Asia, and Europe were not of a kind to induce any save a few speed-maniacs to embark on a similar enterprise. Nothing is to be proved by driving a motor car over mountains and across deserts which can be traversed with much less cost and trouble otherwise. The ordeal is not faced in the interest of health, of science, of anything that really matters. The object is not exploration or inquiry into the customs and ways of life of little-known peoples, but to arrive somewhere in record time and be gone as soon as mechanical contrivance will allow. With none of the joyousness of the ancient mariner but all the pent-up feverishness of the age the motorist on his world-tour makes speed his ideal. There is novelty, perhaps notoriety, but the novelty and the notoriety are rarely worth seeking. The thing brings no special pleasure whilst it lasts; it involves many hardships, on occasion tragedy even; and when it is all over, the plaudits which greet the adventurers' return are drowned in nightmare as the dangers they have passed crowd upon the memory.

The spirit in which Signor Scarfoglio and his companions started on this wild eight-months-long adventure is clear from what he says of his disappointment when a telegram received at Seattle ordered him to abandon the idea of crossing Alaska. A too late start from New York or a too early break-up of the ice and snow made the attempt hopeless. "Thus ends the daring dream of our adventure!" cries Signor Scarfoglio. Whatever else happened, it was not possible now to try their fortune on the virgin tracks of the Behring Sea. Signor Scarfoglio was not a bit concerned at the information that they would never have returned to their applauding friends in Paris if the attempt had been made. "That would matter little. We had set out to perpetrate an act of splendid folly, not to open up a new way for men. We wished to be madmen, not pioneers. And we are disappointed of our madness. Our dream is dispelled."

As showing how man and the machine can overcome difficulties which might appear insuperable, the race is perhaps worth running once or twice. But how futile and incongruous seems all this ploughing of desert sands, this plunging into Manchurian morasses, this taking of desperate chances, as when they groped their way in the dark through Japanese ravines and along the edge of precipices in order to catch a boat from Tsuruga

to Vladivostok! We follow the well-told story with almost as little breath as the motorists had left after some of their nerve-racking trials, and then we wonder, What purpose is served? The risks taken are not less from the jealousy of unscrupulous rivalry or the superstitions of ignorance than from purely mechanical or natural causes. A hundred miles from anywhere it is unpleasant to find that something has gone wrong with the differential. On investigation it is worse than unpleasant to discover that the cause is a nail which could not have got in the machinery by accident. "It must have been placed there by some patriotic Yankee who thus wished to ensure the victory of his own country." It was not the only occasion on which the "patriotic Yankee" paid the car attention. "We could not help reflecting", says Signor Scarfoglio, "on the predatory instincts which still find a home in the depths of the American soul, and are ready at any moment to explode violently." The sporting instinct of some Americans is apparently little to be distinguished from the business instinct of the Siberian hotel-keeper who carried brigandage to the point of a fine art. In Siberia the innkeeper is not only "a pirate by his articles of faith" but "something more. He is a man of genius", who robs you with the most charming assurance and provides you with what you do not want at a charge which would be extortion if you were well served.

PERSIAN HOME LIFE.

"Behind the Veil in Persia and Turkish Arabia." By Mrs. Hume-Griffith. London: Seeley. 1909. 16s. net.

THIS book is not altogether free from the faults generally to be found in missionary writings; but it is easily written, and Mrs. Hume-Griffith has been careful to keep strictly within the limits of her experience and sympathy. The chapters in which she deals with the life of the Persian anderun, or women's apartments, are not only interesting but have a special value. Other writers upon Persian life have generally been men and have made little or no attempt to deal with the inner life of Persian women. Not less valuable are the chapters in which Dr. Hume-Griffith deals with his medical experiences both in Kerman and in Mosul.

But we are disappointed with the scanty attention paid to religion both in Persia and Turkish Arabia, the mission work apart. It would have been particularly interesting if Mrs. Hume-Griffith had dwelt on the attitude of the women in both countries towards the twin sects of Islam, and above all towards that widely spread but most mysterious religion, Babism. She briefly sketches the story of the Bab, but she makes no attempt whatever at an analysis or to give the baldest of accounts of the practice or theory of this little-understood faith. Yet there is no greater influence at work to-day in or near the frontiers of Persia than that of Babism, and it is not impossible that the whole National movement owes to it its origin. Too little credit, moreover, is given to whatever of good there is—and it is beyond question that there is much—in the Mohammedan creed. The suggestion is inevitable that in other matters also the book may not be entirely impartial. A writer's inability to recognise the good qualities of those from whom he differs may, of course, be confined to his religious antagonisms, but it makes his work open to suspicion.

Subject to these general criticisms Mrs. Hume-Griffith's book is a true and pleasant description of Persian life at the present day. Sometimes she seems not to have used the latest knowledge which she must possess, as, for example, in her statement that Persian women in the great centres still wear European ballet costume. To judge from her description this would seem to be the rule instead of the rarest of exceptions. Nor is she quite fair in some cases to the customs of the country. It is less than just to all concerned to suggest that the girls who weave carpets in the towns of Persia and the mountain villages suffer in health or spirits from what may be a monotonous but is certainly

not an injurious occupation. But these faults of detail are few, and Mrs. Hume-Griffith's book is the best of the numerous volumes which have appeared lately dealing with the vic intine of the Persian people. Of the present political crisis she says nothing, nor is there more than a passing reference to the interesting archæological remains of Persia; but political troubles pass while home life remains, and there are not a few antiquaries who would willingly give Persepolis and Susa for just such a knowledge of the inner life of their builders as that which is so pleasantly given by Mrs. Hume-Griffith of the present inhabitants of Persia.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"Five Months in the Himalaya." By A. L. Mumm. London: Arnold. 1909. 21s. net.

In the record of mountain travel this account of five months spent amid the lonely peaks of Garhwal and Kashmir will take a prominent place. Mr. Mumm says in his Preface: "The mountainous portion of Garhwal and Kumaon, which forms a section of the great parallel ranges of the Himalayan chain, contains not only the highest summit but the largest and finest field for combined climbing and exploration in British territory; and in Nanda Devi, the summit referred to, and the mountains surrounding it possesses a group which, for individuality and striking and characteristic features of configuration and structure, may challenge comparison with any in the world. Its natural attractions gain an additional interest from the fact that the whole country is of immemorial sanctity, and was the scene of the marriage of Siva and many other capital events of the theogony of Brahminism." It was originally intended by Major Bruce and his friends to attack Mount Everest, but the powers that be forbade the expedition, and the party had to fall back on Garhwal. Mr. Mumm is a mountaineering enthusiast, and eagerly seized Major Bruce's invitation to join him in an expedition which was full of incident, hardship, and discovery of the kind that delights the true mountaineer's heart. There is much that is novel in these graphic and picturesque pages; for instance, the snow bridges, which are among the most remarkable features of a remarkable region. "Nothing impresses upon one so much the stupendous dimensions of the Himalayan snowfall as the spectacle of largish rivers covered over at midsummer by solid masses of hard snow, many feet in thickness, which completely fill their channels sometimes for miles together. They often facilitate travel and make ordinary routes shorter and easier; sometimes they themselves constitute the sole available route. There is a pass into Tibet a little north-west of Mava which is described in the G. T. S. map in these terms: 'Gumrang, or winter pass, closed between May and September, the snow bridges all being swept away.'" The book affords a very full idea of the character of the peaks and valleys, the passes and people in the Himalaya; an idea which is assisted by the many admirable illustrations.

"Tyrol and its People." By Clive Holland. London: Methuen. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

In "Tyrol and Its People" Mr. Clive Holland has an ideal subject for a book which forms one of Messrs. Methuen's "Books for Travellers" series. The Tyrol is already in some parts a favourite playground for travellers, while in others there are still little-known regions inviting the tourist who seeks less travelled ways. Mr. Clive Holland must deprecate in the usual form the spoiling of these sequestered regions of the "Land within the Mountains" as yet unspoiled by crowds of tourists and general sophistication and the deterioration which arises therefrom. But still the purpose of his book is to make them known. If he does violence to his feelings by revealing these secrets he may plead the example of Tyrolese authors and associations whose excellent publications have been of so much assistance to him in writing his book. They are quite anxious that tourists should come to their beautiful land, and are willing to run any risk of desecration. And as tourists cannot be kept out of any country worth visiting, nothing could be better for them than reading such a book as this. Tourists are not irreverent who associate with the scenes they visit their historic story, connecting the past with the present, and are acquainted with the legends and folklore and customs of the people they are amongst. And the Tyrol is rich in all these things. It has been the battle ground of Romans and of Teutons, of Italians, French, Austrians and Prussians. Its mediæval towns are as romantic for their past as they are a delight to the eye that has grown weary of the monotony of

modern buildings. Mr. Holland's descriptions of such towns as Innsbruck, Salzburg, Bregenz, Botzen, Meran, and Trent are an incitement to go to see them instead of to avoid them, as so many guide-book descriptions are. And though by a curious slip he makes the Tyrolese maidens' superstition against marriage in May different from our own, his accounts of the customs of the people enhance the pleasure we take in their country. This slip is the more curious because the common superstition is of Roman origin, and Mr. Holland emphasises the Roman and Italian influences on the Tyrol. Mr. Holland's book is as pleasant to read before or after visiting the Tyrol as it will be useful to the visitor who is fortunate enough to find himself there.

"The Buried City of Kenfig." By Thomas Gray. London: Fisher Unwin. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

This is a book of extraordinary antiquarian research devoted to the restoration of the past history of a town that has for ages lain buried on the coast of Glamorgan. Mr. Walter De Gray Birch, librarian to the Marquis of Bute at Cardiff Castle, writes an introduction, in which he says "The sand-girt town of Kenfig, like many another town in similar plight set on the Wirral of Cheshire, has had its day of fame and glory, its long array of noble owners, its active populace, its trade and its commerce, but those have fled, and it has been left to the author to recover from the veiled past a multitude of interesting records of facts which throw light on the history of Glamorgan." It is the history of this town that Mr. Gray has reconstructed from ancient manuscripts with a skill as evident as his learning. If his book is not of wide general interest it must be attractive to all Welshmen, for whom he has made the dry bones of antiquity stir with the past life of their country.

"The Isle of Man." Described by Agnes Herbert. Illustrated by Donald Maxwell. London: Lane. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

In a "Foreword" Mr. A. W. Moore, the Speaker of the House of Keys, commends Miss Herbert's book as "bright, breezy, and bracing", like Mona's Isle itself, as described in the advertisements. That is precisely the sort of literary effect to be expected of Miss Herbert when we recall her books on Somaliland and Alaska. She is here on her own ground, and her style is not less racy when dealing with the native and the tripper, the history, the customs, and the scenery of Manxland, than when she was engaged in explaining how she shot lions in Africa or bears in America, and incidentally turned the mere male person into her willing servitor. Unfortunately for herself Miss Herbert starts out with the confession that she has been invited to write the text for a colour book, and she asks what is a colour book? It would be a pity if the want of spontaneous origin were allowed to prejudice the reader against a book which is really admirable. Mona's Isle is never likely to find a more vivacious chronicler. But it would have added somewhat to its character if she had discussed the colour pictures which she was commissioned to write up to. Mr. Donald Maxwell is not by any means the conventional three-colour process man. There is in some of his pictures a touch of Mr. Rackham's imagination. Several of them are quite good. But we should like Miss Herbert's frank answer whether she ever saw in Manxland some of the effects Mr. Maxwell produces. There might have been a certain piquancy at any rate in the writer's opinion of the pictures which formed the excuse for her book.

"The Norfolk and Suffolk Coast." By W. A. Dutt. London: Fisher Unwin. 1909. 6s. net.

To Mr. Dutt the interest, human and topographical, of his beloved East Anglia is inexhaustible. This volume belongs to the County Coast series, and in a measure supplements his "Highways and Byways in East Anglia". He takes us from the south-eastern corner of Suffolk up through places familiar or unfamiliar on or near the shore and round Norfolk to the Wash and King's Lynn. There is hardly a mile in this long stretch of coast-line—all the longer because the Norfolk coast faces east, north, and west—which has not something worth special note either in its history or its present condition. Mr. Dutt, who has traversed parts of the coast which are so little known that the map-maker fails as a guide, was familiar with what are now popular holiday resorts in the days when they were visited only by the fortunate few who knew their charms and proclaimed them too widely for the taste of nature-lovers like Mr. Dutt. The note of regret in this book is unavailing. For some of the popularity which the East Coast now enjoys Mr. Dutt may perhaps himself be held responsible; he looks back wistfully to the more primitive days of Cromer and other places now grown almost out of recognition, but he must blame, not the railways and the builders, but writers like himself, who have made others eager to share the delights of sea and

land which they describe so well. Mr. Dutt's account of the Norfolk and Suffolk coast is sufficient to send many pioneers to the likely spots for future holiday resorts. If the sea has made inroads which have changed the coast-line, so that towns have disappeared, the holiday-maker has provided an excuse for the building of other towns which the engineer does his best to protect by groin and sea-wall. The waves, thwarted at one spot, wreak their fury upon others adjacent, and some of the coast towns of East Anglia will probably in time become tiny islands. At places like Mundesley, as Mr. Dutt says, "new houses are being built rather more quickly than the sea can demolish the old ones"; but when we think of the fate of Dunwich we can only wonder what will be the issue of the challenge to Nature which man seems to be throwing down at intervals along the Norfolk and Suffolk coast. A dozen years hence much of the coast we know now may be non-existent.

"The Short Cut to India." By David Fraser. London: Blackwood. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

Events have moved so fast in the Near East recently that Mr. Fraser's record of his journey along the route of the Baghdad Railway, so far as his chapters touch on politics, is already out of date. His book, however, does not depend for its value on political considerations. It gives an excellent account of the state of the Baghdad Railway, of the reasons why construction has not been continued, and of the international significance of the line. Somebody, if his figures are correct, has already made a fat profit out of the section of the line which has been laid, and if part of that profit is not to be disgorged more millions will have to be found. Are the New Turks any more likely to be able to provide the necessary guarantees than were the old, especially as present conditions make it quite impossible, according to Mr. Fraser, that the railway can pay its way? Politically, commercially, and strategically he shows what the line would mean to the British Empire, and how essential it is that it should remain in Turkish control. Of the country through which the railway would pass Mr. Fraser affords a very graphic idea, and he is able to give official documents relating to the enterprise which have not hitherto been published. The book is a most useful contribution to our knowledge of the Euphrates Valley.

"Worcestershire." Painted by Thomas Tyndale. Described by A. G. Bradley. London: Black. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Bradley is at home on the borders of Wales. The past and present of Worcestershire need no enthusiast to make them attractive. Simon de Montfort and King John, Charles II. and Cromwell, contributed most to its history, whilst the Severn, the Malvern, and the Vale of Evesham are among its natural features. Bishop Creighton and Professor Freeman were agreed that Worcestershire in many vital particulars was "the most illuminating county in England to the historical student". King John, "who had a passion for the remoter provinces, whether due to a more than common turn for sport which by modern ethics would be a saving clause in his long list of delinquencies, or because it was cheaper to live in the country at the expense of his unwilling friends there", showed his preference for Worcestershire by insisting on being buried beside the saints in the Cathedral. The county was, says Mr. Bradley, "the cockpit of the Civil War", and at Worcester was fought the last great battle upon English soil. "With it Worcester and its fertile shire pass into the humdrum life of an inland English county, to pursue with even more success and in more varied paths than most other ones the arts of peace." To most people Worcester is famous chiefly for its sauce and its china. Mr. Bradley's book will show that it has other and larger claims to notice. The coloured pictures are inoffensive, but the value of the book so far as it has value is literary. Mr. Bradley is picturesque without the aid of the three-colour process.

"Round the Lake Country." By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. Glasgow: Maclehose. 1909. 5s. net.

Canon Rawnsley's new collection of sketches dealing with the fringe of the Lake Country is little more than ornamental reporting. Such various subjects as the Gosforth and Bewcastle crosses, the gulls' breeding-ground at Raven-glass, the purchase of Gowbarrow Fell by the National Trust, and Brough Hill fair are treated with close local knowledge and capable use of authorities; but all is spoiled by an apparently irrepressible gift for seeing "copy" everywhere. The book is put together with so little care that not only do repetitions of matter scarcely varied in form occur (e.g. Agricola's hypocaut at Walls Castle and the miraculous snowstorm at S. Bees, with a scientific explanation by means of straying ice-floes), but paragraphs are copied, and even a whole chapter ("The Arnsdale Lilies") bodily lifted from an earlier work of the author's, which is advertised in this volume. A reasonable recension of the papers as a whole

would have prevented such blemishes as these; it might also have suggested that the general reader may find the references to the Vikings more than enough, and that dangers lurk in the use of the modest but precarious "one" in place of the personal pronoun. "As a Balliol man", says the author, "one cannot look upon that ruin to-day without the thought", etc. We all know the ubiquity of Balliol men to-day, but this vision of the college as co-extensive with humanity is a very pleasing touch.

ABOUT GUIDE BOOKS.

Travel has always appealed to the literary and philosophical mind. It appealed to Bacon and Montaigne, as it appeals to-day to Mr. W. A. Dutt, Mr. A. G. Bradley, and Mr. Arthur Norway. Not everybody can enjoy the opportunity which Bacon regarded as essential—"to see the secretaries and employed men with ambassadors", so that in travelling in one country he may "suck the experience of many"—but at least to-day he may carry with him "some book where he travelleth which will be a key to his inquiry".

Whether the guide book or the travel book is always to be depended on is another matter. Montaigne deemed travel to be a profitable exercise, not merely because it enabled him to "mark things unknown", but because it showed that things are not always quite as described. "I know no better school to fashion a man's life than incessantly to propose unto him the diversity of so many other men's lives, customs, humours, and fantasies." At the same time Montaigne could not resist his little dig at the traveller's pretence. "To be able to mention 'the number of paces the Church of Santa Rotunda is in length or breadth', or 'to dispute how much longer or broader the face of Nero is as seen in some old ruins of Italy than that which is made for him in monuments elsewhere', was among the incidental advantages of travel which Montaigne indicated.

Of all the developments which popular book-making has undergone in recent years none is perhaps more noteworthy than the increase in books by or for travellers. Every globe-trotter elects to be a minor Hakluyt, and every country, every county, every town even, seems now to have a dozen or more eager historians. Great changes have occurred since Murray's "Handbooks" were first put upon the market; there is no end to the number of so-called series, from Black's Colour Books, which would generally be better without the colour, to Methuen's Little Guides, which are among the handiest available. Methuen's Little Guides and Macmillan's Highways and Byways series together cover the ground pretty thoroughly on all sides, from the picturesque to the practical.

As though these books were not sufficient to meet the demands of the public, many of the railway and steamship lines themselves issue brochures on the places of interest which they serve. Thus the Belgian State Railways, the Great Western, the London and Brighton, the Great Central, the Elder Dempster, the Orient, and others are all prepared to supply the holiday maker with "literature" of a kind which makes the ordinary book, from the practical point of view, unnecessary. The average tourist wants to know little more about Scandinavia than he can learn from the Orient Line's booklet on Cruises in Norway. And where, as in the case of the Great Central, the country tapped is at once Shakespeare's and Miss Marie Corelli's—the two extremes surely—the literary interest is not confined to the brochure which may be had for the asking. It is in the country itself, which railway enterprise has placed within easiest accessibility. A day in "Shakespeare's country" is now one of the most popular of outings.

Guide books share one advantage in common with the classics: they go on for ever, though not always with the original publisher. Murray's Handbooks have for the last few years been issued by Mr. Stanford; Baedeker's are now controlled in England by Mr. Fisher Unwin. There is as keen a competition between the German and the English guide book as between the German and the English Navy; where Murray originally swept the field, Baedeker elected to follow, until he invaded the British Isles themselves with translations that speedily found their way to the hands of the tourist. Baedeker to-day covers Europe, America, the British Empire, and some parts of Africa and Asia.

There are, of course, many others, such as Griben's Guide Books, to which Switzerland has just been added—they are published in England by Williams and Norgate—and Darlington's, which generally have a more literary touch than most. In the new edition of Darlington's London, for instance, Mr. E. T. Cook writes on the British Museum, the National Portrait and other galleries. Guide-book rivalry is in the public interest. It means that editors and publishers seize every opportunity to keep the volumes up to date.

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Geographer to His Majesty the King.

Miroménil, succeeded to Château Latour, which was divided at her death between her two daughters, Madame de la Pallu and Countess de Beaumont, whose heirs are the present owners. Such incalculable mischief has, however, been done to land properties and vineyards by the compulsory subdivision which was established by the Code Napoléon that its owners determined to preserve the estate intact by turning it into a limited liability company through a series of deeds made by the de Flers, de Beaumonts, and de Courtiesons between 1842 and 1866. They even went to the extent of repurchasing what had been confiscated during the Emigration. The estate therefore is now some 185 acres, of which there are 40 acres of pasture, 40 acres of wood, and 100 acres of vineyard. The whole is beautifully situated on the banks of the fine river formed by the junction of the Garonne and the Dordogne near Bordeaux.

It would be hard to hit off the chief characteristics of Château Latour, one of the three great "crus" of the Médoc, than is furnished in the words of the Girondist poet Biarnez:

"Latour n'a pas besoin d'un éclat emprunté,
Pas de lambris dorés, pas de pompe illusoire;
A ses seules vertus, il veut devoir la gloire.
C'est le vin le plus riche et le plus coloré,
Et pourtant il est fin, vif, délicat, ambré,
Quand il est dépouillé de son tannin par l'âge
D'Enantime et d'alcool c'est un noble assemblage".

These qualities of richness and colour are due in the first place to the nature of its soil; as are its bouquet—a mixture of rose and violet—as well as its peculiarly delicate body, which grows in bottle and lasts for many years. The vineyard consists of a gravel soil whose pebbles are mixed with an earth which becomes so hard when dry weather has followed upon rain that two powerful oxen find it all they can do to plough it up. The owners have therefore to use particularly heavy ploughs, first for raising the earth round the roots of the plants and secondly for baring them, the former plough being called the "courbe" and the latter the "cabat". Seven-tenths of the vineyard is planted with Cabernet-Sauvignon, the rest with the Malbec, the Merlot and White Cabernet. Cabernet-Sauvignon gives the greater body, and the wine lasts longer. Though the three latter vines give a wine which tastes better at the start, it loses both colour and body after it has been a year in the wood, and loses somewhat more when bottled. The phylloxera attacked Château Latour with great energy, and the owners had to take strong measures to avert the scourge. M. Jouet the manager sprayed the plants with carbonate of sulphur generally with marked success. Where, however, the position of the vines made this difficult, fresh vines were grafted on to the old plants; but this process has only been carried out gradually during the last eighteen years on little more than a seventh of the vineyard, so that the average age of the plants has not been much modified and the general quality of the wine has not suffered. The average annual output of Château Latour has been 116 tuns of first-class wine, 10 tuns of second-class wine, and 19 tuns of "vin de presse".

As in the other "grands crus", the greatest care is taken at the vintage that nothing but ripe grapes in good condition shall be used, and that no unripe or defective grapes are mixed with them. Many of the old-fashioned practices remain. Thus the berries are taken from the grapes by rubbing them on wooden hurdles, and the grapes are crushed by the men's feet. Until very lately a fiddler played whilst this process was going on. If by any chance he was not to be found, or fell asleep at his work, he was put astride upon a ladder and carried under the pump by two men. All were then given some glasses of good wine. The must is cultivated in the same way as in the other "grands crus", but it is not drawn off until it has not only cooled but become thoroughly clear, which takes from eighteen to twenty days. The "vin de presse" at Château Latour used at one time to be drunk by the men; but since M. Jouet became manager it is kept for three years, treated with

the greatest care, and, though not quite up to the standard of the wine itself, is good tippie. The great vintages of Château Latour used to be 1858, 1862, 1864, 1865, 1868 and 1870. From 1871 to 1875 they were good, but then fell off. Of late years the vintages of 1893, 1896, 1899, 1904 and 1906 all promise well. 1900 was a very good year, whilst there is every reason to believe that 1905 will take the same position as the five vintages from 1871 to 1875.

THE BASTILLE: 14 JULY 1789.

IT is Tuesday, the fourteenth day of July 1789—the last day of the Bastille. On the morning of the day the old castle which has frowned over the eastern gate of Paris since the days of Charles the Wise makes an impressive picture of the dying monarchy of S. Louis. Its eight grim towers mounted with artillery, its double moat, its raised drawbridges, its arched gateways, its bastions, and its mazes of barracks and courts and gardens wear as terrible a look as they wore in the days of the Fronde, when la grande Mademoiselle turned its cannons on Turenne and his advancing host, and its fame is known in all lands. And not only is it in the eyes of France and Europe the impregnable fortress of despotism against which a people's discontent may beat in vain, it is also a terrible palace of vengeance, a place of mystery and horror where innocent captives pine away their lives in abodes always of misery, often of torture. But the hard truth is that whether we contemplate it as a fortress or as a State prison the Bastille of 14 July 1789 is a mere historic phantom. The fifteen guns on the towers that strike terror into the rue S. Antoine are useless except to fire salvos, and are mounted on naval carriages and cannot be lowered. And for the garrison. There are some eighty-two pensioners, aged men and much resembling the old Beefeaters of the Tower, and thirty-two petits Suisses who joined the pensioners just a week ago, under the command of Lieutenant De Flue, the one soldier among the many officers in the castle. And if the Bastille is in no sense a strong fortress it is no longer a terrible prison. There are to-day just seven prisoners within its walls. Of these captives four are commonplace forgers. Two more are madmen, one of whom was put there for an attempt on the life of Louis quinze, and the other, said to be an Englishman, was mad when he arrived. The remaining one is a nobleman of dissipated habits, who has been locked up there at his family's request. It may be said that for at least two centuries the régime of this establishment has been milder in most cases than that of any other prison in France or England. The State prisoners have a pretty garden and permission to walk round the battlements under escort. There is further at their use a library of some hundred volumes, and their dinner includes dessert and wine. When the Breton aristocrats were here the other day a billiard-table was placed for their accommodation in the major's room.

The governor of the doomed castle, the Marquis de Launey, makes this morning the saddest sight of all as, nervous, worried and hatless, he moves about court and bastion in his grey frock-coat, a gold-nobbed sword-cane in his hand and the poppy-coloured ribbon of S. Louis on his breast. He is a true child of the place, for he was born within its walls when his father, Jourdan de Launey, was governor in the days of Louis quinze. He has been an officer in the Gardes Françaises and a cavalry captain, and thirteen years have passed since he became governor of the Bastille. And he has guarded here in his time some notable captives—the bitter-tongued Linguet and the women of the diamond necklace, and elixir-making Cagliostro and the patriots of Brittany. But he is no soldier, and ever since he saw the flames of Reveillon's factory he has been ill at ease. When he goes into the street he hears bitter words, and at night time, as he gazes on the trees in that garden where so many captive feet have trod,

he mistakes the shadows of the foliage for enemies and calls his staff to arms. He has found comfort the last week in talking to De Flue of the preparations that he has made for the day when the rabble comes. He shows him the loopholes that he has opened and the loopholes that he has stopped in the walls. He points out the heap of stones that weary men have dragged to the top of the towers to hurl on the besiegers. It has never occurred to him to get guns that will go off, or to lay in provisions. And as the days pass his terrors increase. Paris, he hears, is in the hands of the mob or of the revolutionary Committee of the Electors at the Hôtel de Ville. Worse still, the Gardes Françaises, the garrison of Paris, whose uniform he has once worn, have gone over to the enemy. And, worst of all, the Baron de Bensenval has led such troops as remain loyal across the Seine, after bidding the forsaken Bastille hold out to the last. On this morning perverse folly has pushed forward the useless old cannons, so that they seem to threaten S. Antoine, and timid burghers hurry to the Committee at the Hôtel de Ville to implore its aid. The Committee nominates a deputation of three soldiers to interview the governor, but this deputation takes its time on the way, and only reaches the castle gates at 10 A.M. Meanwhile, cannons or no cannons, a great mob has gathered around the outworks, and is furiously shouting for arms.

And it is a strange and savage crowd. There is in it, indeed, a sprinkling of the quality, gentlemen in ruffles and with swords and even abbés in their cassocks. Young Chateaubriand, who has lately come from Brittany, is there, an interested if indignant spectator. But the rough element of the Faubourg S. Antoine, male and female, preponderates, an element all the rougher and fiercer seeing that it has had naught to eat. And worse than these S. Antoine fellows are the groups of cut-throats and ruffians in the background, the offscouring of all France, which, in these days of stress and storm and famine, has drifted into the capital, and which the sack of the barracks of Paris has armed with muskets and daggers. This uncanny assembly watches the gates for the deputation to come forth, and as it comes not and as the cannons on the towers are being pushed back to load them (so some think), wild cries arise. The local revolutionary committee accordingly sends an envoy, Elector Thuriot. He passes through the castle gates some time after noon to find the governor and the first deputation drinking their last glass of wine after a déjeuner over which they have wasted a precious hour. The governor has promised the deputation to push back his cannons, and this is all that has been done, only the mob has misunderstood. But this will not content Elector Thuriot, who advises a surrender and asks to see the castle, a request to which the governor meekly assents. Thuriot walks into the inner castle and climbs with the governor to the battlements. The guns have been pulled back; but their position is unchanged. Some of the pensioners in their blue or red uniforms are on the towers, others are in the court behind the inner drawbridge, with De Flue and his Swiss, whose regimentals are covered by their holland jackets. But what are they against the swarms below on which he and De Launey are gazing? The poor governor loses his head and talks as he comes down of surrender, but his officers cheer him up, and he only promises that he will not fire unless attacked. Partly satisfied, Thuriot makes his adieux. But still the mob grows and grows and still the shouts continue: "Nous voulons la Bastille; à bas la troupe." Then suddenly from the front rank comes an ugly rush on the outworks. Here victory is easy, for there is only an unarmed pensioner to face. The chains of the drawbridge are cut, the gate is forced, and the crowd rushes on past the governor's house to the second drawbridge, presenting their guns and firing casual shots at the soldiers. From the towers comes first a cry of warning. It is unheeded or misunderstood, and then the order is given, and from above pours the deadly volley on the mob. At once a wild cry of "Treason!" is raised. Still the mob does not disperse. Only it puts stone walls

between itself and the fire, and in comparative safety keeps up desultory and ineffective shots. In time this excitement palls, and the idea is started that the governor shall be burnt out. Conveniently at the moment the horses and waggons of Santerre's brewery, which many know so well, appear; but the popular young brewer, thinking discretion the better part of valour, keeps away from the fray. The waggons are filled with straw and pushed near the inner drawbridge, and fire is set to the government buildings, and this fire ignites the straw. It is a roundabout method, but necessary, for these heroes will not face the bullets for a minute. And then once and once only, when the rascals are threatening to burn a girl who is flying from the governor's house unless the fortress is yielded, a cannon from the towers speaks. And so the hurly-burly goes on until the beating of a drum announces another deputation from the Hôtel de Ville to urge the governor to surrender or to admit "civic troops". But the deputation may not enter the castle. Possibly the governor suspects treachery. So the muskets sputter lead until three o'clock, and so far the honours are with the besieged.

But towards three o'clock the weary, starving garrison must face different foes. Companies of the Gardes Françaises, fusiliers and gunners, are drawing nigh with five pieces of artillery, and the cry "La Bastille ou la mort". The new host has two half-pay officers, Hulin and Jacob Job Elié, who wears the uniform of the Queen's regiment, to lead them. The newcomers are advancing from the garden of the Arsenal to the inner drawbridge; but it is a dangerous way to tread, when they shall pass from the shelter of the barracks into la cour de l'Orme. For here they will be raked by the fire from the tour de la Basinière and exposed to the shot and balls that De Flue and his Swiss will pour on them from the court behind. For the Swiss have with them a small gun that can be fired, and through the hole that they have made in the raised drawbridge comes the hail of death.

It is two hours' hard work ere Hulin and Elié can get their cannons face to face with that drawbridge. It is necessary first to make feint with some of their pieces in various directions, so as to distract the fire from the tower. They must then, and this is no easy task, force back the burning waggons that block the approach. It is, lastly, imperative to hustle away the unarmed rabble who are left free to sack the governor's house, and then three cannons are pushed through la cour de l'Orme, through la cour de Gouvernement, right up to the inner drawbridge. De Launey sees from the tower the enemies' guns before his gate; he looks at his hungry and dispirited men, and bids the drummer beat the rappel. In place of the red-and-white flag a white handkerchief is raised on the Basinière. And from below comes the savage shout, "Bas les ponts, point de capitulation". The miserable governor descends into the council chamber and writes that he has twenty thousand pounds of powder and will blow up the castle and district if terms are refused. De Flue, who has gone there for instructions, then pleads with him. Let him still hold out. The castle is not damaged. The gates are uninjured and he has only lost one man. It is useless, the governor cannot understand. So De Flue sadly takes the note, and next essays to pass it through one of the holes that he has made in the drawbridge. A man steps on a plank that is laid over the moat and catches it and hands it to Elié. "Foi d'officier nous acceptons", cries the man of the Queen's regiment; but there are still ugly shouts "Point de capitulation". De Flue joins his Swiss, and the brave men wait expecting the dread explosion. But it comes not. The pensioners accept the foi d'officier, De Launey has indeed rushed with a lighted torch to the tower where the powder lies; but a hand, that the mob will soon hack off, holds him back. The drawbridge is lowered and the gate thrown open. The cut-throats are now in the castle, while the Gardes Françaises remain outside. The place is looted, and the garrison is disarmed and dragged forth. De Launey stands by his blazing house almost a martyr. His wig has been torn

off, his cane snatched from him, and he is pushed forward a poor dishevelled wretch, while Hulin and another rebel officer in their resplendent uniforms walk by his side and try to shield him in vain from stabs and thrusts and stones. After him on the *via dolorosa* to the Hôtel de Ville comes the brave De Flue, walking on mid curses and blows, and expecting every moment death. Two of his soldiers are stabbed almost by his side, and as he reaches the Hôtel de Ville he sees the head of De Launey on a pike and the major of the Bastille lying on the ground bathed in blood. Another officer, he notes, is being hanged on a lamp-post. So does the Revolution observe the "*foi d'officier*". But his guardians bear him safely into the hall, and here there is safety and even a cry "*Bravo, bravo, brave Suisse*". Meanwhile others of the assassins are drinking the red beer at Santerre's brewery, and exhibiting a poor maniac whom they have dragged from his Bastille cell.

TOOTH FOR A TOOTH.

BY GEORGE A. B. DEWAR.

GRUBBIT'S daughter has long had a piano, but Grubbit could never bring himself to the expense of replacing his missing eye tooth. Knowing the Squire and Grubbit so well, the story of how that tooth went fascinates me, and I cannot go to the manor without begging the squire's wife to tell it me once more. It happened years ago, when landlord and tenant were near their wits' end to make both ends meet, for most of the land was plough and corn was at about twenty shillings a quarter. Driving home one evening the Squire drew rein at West End and halloed to Grubbit, Would he please come out and have a few words as to some estate matter? The faithful Grubbit came and stood by the dogcart, and the two went deep into the matter. Now the squire had an absent-minded way of twirling something round and round. It would revolve first this way, then that way, like one of the little wheels set in a kitchen garden to scare the birds. Nothing could break him of the trick. There was a little cane in the cart, and getting hold of this the squire twirled it as he talked to his man of all advice.

The squire's wife was in a reverie, her eyes fixed on the landscape of little fields and copses and thatched roofs all in the dreamy haze of sundown in idyll England. How I know those midsummer sundown scenes at the very quiet hamlet of West End! scenes steeped in a peace past understanding, scenes of God.

She started out of this reverie at a smothered cry of pain, looked round and saw Grubbit's hand clapt to his mouth. It rushed on her in an instant what had been done. The prophecy had come true: the squire had twirled his stick once too often. Grubbit had lost an eye tooth. Now Grubbit was the last man the squire would have wished to offend. I remember when Grubbit peppered me slightly rabbit shooting, the squire asked me as a favour not to mention it. Yet so wrapped up was the squire in his estate detail that he did not become conscious of the enormity of his deed. An "*Eh? What did you say? What's that, Grubbit?*" was all the squire said; and in two moments he had plunged again into the estate detail. The squire's wife, overwhelmed with shame, saw Grubbit take out a handkerchief and mop an agonised mouth. But the wretched man was swept back into the discussion as to heifers or the gravel pit, and he went through, or spluttered through, with the matter.

It was like some wounded creature going through with the business it began; a willow wren singing out its faery song though in the midst a boy has catapulted off one of its lovely little legs, or a wasp that cut in two by a knife still sucks at the jam pot—and was not all land business song and jam to Grubbit?

Then the squire, having settled the estate detail, gathered the reins and drove off, and it was not till some fifteen years later that he realised what he had done that evening. After I had got the squire's wife

to tell me the story twice in his presence, he jumped to it. Vaguely he seemed to recall that something had stopped his twirling cane that evening at West End farm, and that there had been a cry and a splutter. The squire smiled a grim smile and said, "*Ah, did I? Well, never mind. Many's the tooth Grubbit has drawn of mine*".

Eye for an eye, tooth for a tooth. Seeing what Grubbit has done for himself and his family in life, and knowing that he started on the best capital for a man—if the worst for a mouse—the capital of nothing, I can well believe what the squire said. He has drawn many teeth from many men in his forty year of hard practice. I should like to open the drawer and look at his collection. Some of them so white and sharp and strong!—the teeth of men nearly but not quite his match in the market. Others growing black—teeth of men in decay, teeth of weaklings, teeth of soakers, teeth of wasters, teeth of bad bargainers, all bested by Grubbit in the dentistry of life.

And, mind, all bested straight enough as business in the market goes. Briton, Scot, Irishman, church-goer, chapel-goer, whig, radical, tory, all who go into the market of life with their million varied wares, wares of hand and head, think of number one. This is the law. The selfish man must act through number one; so must the unselfish. Beware of the man who affects to overlook number one. He is a sly one. Pass by his stall. Grubbit made no pretences of this kind.

Grubbit was an intensive farmer. A friend took me over his farm one day, and showed me his intensive turnips, intensive hay, intensive beans, everything twice the usual size, everything well before its time. Grubbit's intensity was not of that kind. It ran not so much to the latest in science or the latest in seeds as, first, to sheer hard work or grind, and, second, striking a bargain. I have watched him swinking in the hay-dust in the blaze of July. Then there was a field on the brow of the hill that grew nothing but bracken and furze. It grows nothing but grass now, and thirty head of cattle fatten on it. Grubbit got that field for a song. He cut and tugged up, root and all, the furze and the fern, and he burnt them and spread the ash over the ground, and when some of them appeared again drew up anew and burnt anew. Grubbit grubbed them. In the end he had the better of Nature with her furze and fern. To-day, looking at the field, you would hardly guess it had been a waste won over by a single brave arm.

Then he went to market, and the tooth-drawing business, as we have seen, followed the furze-drawing business. He drew teeth so well that to-day he is his own owner and has put by, I have heard, several thousand pounds. His children are now all out in the world; and after a life of ungrudging labour, labour with the hand and labour with the head—for, starting on nothing, a man wants a head to do very well in the markets—Grubbit may think about retiring from the dentist profession. Many people like him and all respect him. Grubbit, they tell me, is all right. Lately they have made him a churchwarden.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SPENSER ON THE FINANCE BILL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the Fifth Book of the "*Faërie Queene*" Sir Artegall, the embodiment of Justice, accompanied by his squire Talus, comes across an anonymous giant standing on a rock, probably somewhere in Wales, and wielding a large pair of scales, for the purpose, as he alleges, of weighing up everything and arriving at an equal division:

"Then would he ballaunce heaven and hell together,
And all that did within them all containe;
Of all whose weight he would not misse a fether,
And looke what *surplus* did of each remaine."

I have italicised the word "surplus". His proceedings are said to have made him momentarily popular with some classes of the populace :

"Therefore the vulgar did about him flocke,
And cluster thicke unto his leasings vaine,
Like foolish flies about an honycrocke,
In hope by him great benefite to gaine".

Artegall points out to him that, before he decides to reduce everything to an equality, he must first make sure that equality was originally intended by nature; otherwise there may be a general upset. The giant is amazed at the interruption :

" 'Thou foolishhe Elfe' (said then the Gyant wroth),
'Seest not how badly all things present bee,
And each estate quite out of order goth?

Were it not good that wrong were then surceast,
And from the most that some were given to the
least?

Tyrants, that make men subject to their law,
I will suppresse, that they no more may raine;
And Lordings curbe that commons overaw,
And all the wealth of rich men to the poore will
draw'".

Artegall retorts that his estimate for the future is likely to be wrong since his knowledge of the present obviously is :

" 'Of things unseene how canst thou deeme aright,'
Then answered the righteous Artégall,
'Sith thou misdeem'st so much of things in
sight?'"

The giant, "much abashed", asserts that he cares nothing for details, but is quite capable of weighing the wrong and the right against one another in his scales. The knight therefore invites him to make the experiment, which he does, with unfortunate results :

"So first the right he put into one scale;
And then the Gyant strove with puissance strong
To fill the other scale with so much wrong.
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay
Might not it peise; yet did he labour long,
And swat, and chauf'd, and proved every way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a litle right downe
way".

The giant is so much amazed with this that he wants to smash his scales, and disdains Artégall's suggestion that he should turn his attention wholly to the right. It then becomes obvious to the knight that what the giant wants is not really equality but inequality of the opposite kind to that which exists already :

"For it was not the right which he did seeke,
But rather strove extremities to way,
Th' one to diminish, th' other for to eeke.
For of the meane he greatly did misleeke".

Talus therefore pushes him off the rock and drowns him in the sea.

Yours obediently,

G. S. R.

LORD CREWE ON NATIONAL MILITARY SERVICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15 July.

SIR,—Some points in the speech made by Lord Crewe on Tuesday night will earn the sympathy of all generous opponents. It is, for instance, a pathetic testimony to the impressions made upon him by his term of office as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland that he should regard Lord Roberts' Bill as more likely to

endanger the Empire by arming the constituents of Irish Nationalist members than to aid it by arming the somewhat larger population of Great Britain. Again, probably no one but a member of the present Cabinet could have spoken with such evident conviction of the unpleasantness arising from the fusion of classes, and of the tragedy of sitting upon the same benches with persons of humble origin. The bearer of a peerage nearly fifty years old is horrified at a vision of enforced camaraderie with the lower orders which the Duke of Norfolk contemplates without dismay.

But what are we to think of the historical knowledge of the Minister responsible for the affairs of the Dominion of Canada, if the "Times" of the 14th instant correctly represents Lord Crewe as saying that, during the Napoleonic wars, the British Army was rescued from disgrace by Abercromby and Wolfe? As the "Times" reporter is unable to spell the name Wolfe correctly, he may be equally in error in his version of the speech made by the Secretary of State for the Colonies. If this is so, Lord Crewe should surely hasten to put himself right with the patriotic public, which is beginning to know that Wolfe died thirty years before the French Revolution, and beginning to expect Colonial Secretaries to have a rudimentary acquaintance with the history of the British Empire.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"DAMN EVERYTHING LOW."

THE DEMONSTRATION AGAINST THE TSAR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 Adelphi Terrace, London W.C.
15 July 1909.

SIR,—In your issue of the 10th, commenting on the announced Trafalgar Square demonstration of the 25th July, you say that you can hardly believe that I am going to be one of the performers, adding that no man knows better that British indignation against Russian policy, especially on social questions, is either ignorance or hypocrisy.

I have to observe on this that there is no such thing as British indignation, one and indivisible. Certain Britishers loathe the Russian policy, just as certain other Britishers loathe Mr. Lloyd George's fiscal policy. The only way in which these sections can make their sentiments known, and thereby get counted in that estimate of public opinion which statesmen must have continually before them, is to demonstrate. There is to be a tremendous demonstration in the Solent in favour of the Tsar. If there were to be no counter-demonstration the Government would be justified in concluding that the nation was unanimously in favour of the Solent demonstration. The object of the Trafalgar Square demonstration is to make such a disastrous and dishonourable inference impossible.

Nothing is more natural and proper than that I should take part in such a demonstration, as I happen to believe that all England's advantages over Russia depend on the fact that when kings behave in England as the Tsar behaves in Russia we either cut their heads off or replace them by their nearest well-behaved relative.

You are, I think, a little unjust to your own country in implying that it is as bad as Russia. It is quite true that England behaves in Ireland, Egypt, and India as the Tsar behaves in Russia; but Ireland, Egypt and India are conquered countries, held in that position by simple force, exactly as England would have to be held if conquered by Ireland, Egypt or India. That would be no excuse for the tyranny of an English king over his own country; and it gives no countenance to the abominable tyranny of which the Tsar is the representative. The Englishman who neglects this opportunity of throwing a brick at him (metaphorically, of course) is utterly unworthy of his country and its traditions. I hope the SATURDAY REVIEW will charter a canal barge, paint its name in bold white letters on both sides of it, hang it with Union Jacks surmounted by caps of

liberty and black flags of mourning for the Tsar's victims, and place it well in evidence in the Solent on the day of our national disgrace.

Yours truly,
G. BERNARD SHAW.

THE RIFLE BRIGADE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hartford Bridge, Winchester, 15 July 1909.

SIR,—Field-Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, Colonel-in-Chief of the Rifle Brigade, has approved of the history of the regiment being written by me.

I write to ask any of your readers who may happen to possess any documents, pictures, medals, badges or other things of interest connected with the early history of the regiment to be good enough to communicate with me. I may mention that the regiment when first raised in 1800 was known as "The Rifle Corps"; in 1803 it was numbered the 95th, and it was known as "The 95th" or "The Rifles" throughout the Peninsular War and at Waterloo. In 1816 it was taken out of the numbered regiments of the line and styled the Rifle Brigade.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
WILLOUGHBY VERNER, Colonel, late Rifle Brigade.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S MODESTY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 Charlotte Street, Bath.

SIR,—The mental calibre of American presidents is always a subject for wonderment. A sentence or two from Mr. Taft's latest speech, at Vermont, on Canada and international friendship, is worth quoting: "We Americans have been going ahead so rapidly in our own country that our heads have been somewhat swollen with the idea that we were carrying on our shoulders all the progress there was in the world. But that is not true, as you will realise when you think for a moment."

The "when you think for a moment" is especially good. When American Presidents talk in such a strain, it is not surprising that the "nation of villagers" (to quote Mr. Bernard Shaw) appropriates all knowledge, learning and progress to itself.

Mr. Taft then points out, in splendid disdain of Europe, that America has not been sufficiently conscious of that other young nation, Canada, for whom also there is a great deal to be said. He might have added that—as far as true progress, law, and order are concerned—Canada is a hundred years ahead of the United States.

I suppose this ignorance and cocksureness is the natural result of a purely material civilisation, which has given us the first great instance of how reactionary a democracy may become under certain conditions. As for "carrying on its shoulders all the progress of the world", it is well to remember that, except in the matter of technology, there is not a single American university which can be said to rank with those of Europe. The newspapers and reviews which an educated man can read are easily counted on the fingers of one hand. With a few brilliant exceptions, the painters and sculptors cut a very poor figure. In poetry the sterility is even more marked. A dramatist they have never had, while in the realm of empirical science their achievements are trivial.

President Taft evidently shares the belief that others invariably take you at your own valuation.

Yours faithfully,
HUGH BLAKER.

SCHOOLS AND THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 July 1909.

SIR,—The complaint of "A Holiday Victim" is not unreasonable, but it is doubtful whether his suggestion is practicable. The public school year, like the Gaul of Cæsar's time, in tres partes divisa est,

and the preparatory schools obviously have to follow the lead as regards both terms and holidays. Moreover, supposing that the time of the summer vacations were varied as suggested, there would ensue quite a chaotic disproportion in the length of the previous and the subsequent terms, highly embarrassing where brothers were at different places of education, not to mention that parents as a rule like to be with their boys (and girls), and that the majority of them cannot take their own holiday before August.

Yours faithfully,
PREPARATORY.

HOLIDAYS FOR THE SICK AND THE POOR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

S. Giles' Christian Mission, 4 Ampton Street,
Regent Square, W.C., 12 July 1909.

SIR,—I shall be very grateful if you will kindly permit me, through the columns of your valuable paper, to make an appeal to your readers to aid us in sending away to our seaside country homes numbers of poor, deserving children, women and men, as we have hitherto done for many years past. The Mission is now in its jubilee year, and its work amongst the poor, the sick and the fallen is universally known. Cheques and postal orders (crossed "Messrs. Barclay and Co.") will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

Yours faithfully,
WM. WHEATLEY, Superintendent.

"CORPUS DOMINI APUD ANGLOS."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Ely, Cambs, 10 July 1909.

SIR,—Let me suggest that (to borrow the schoolmen's terminology of exactitude) it is the Res Sacramenti and not the Sacramentum upon which the incidence of adoration has ever been intended and directed throughout Catholic Christendom; in fact, just that "Lord beneath the sacramental veil" of Father Bridgett, rather than that which is connoted by "the Blessed Sacrament" outside and apart from its Res.

I humbly submit that herein, awaiting discovery by pilgrims with better charts than I have, lies common ground for many.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
J. VICARS FOOTE
(Late Vicar of East Clevedon).

THE ANTI-VIVISECTION AGITATION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

32 Queen's Road, Bayswater,
11 July 1909.

SIR,—Referring to a paragraph in your issue of the 10th inst. implying that Miss Lind-af-Hageby's anti-vivisectionist procession to Hyde Park was got up by and consisted of "hysterical women", I wish to state as an eye-witness that the procession contained quite as many men as women, if not more. It is true that anti-vivisectionists are now appealing to "ignorant prejudice", but they are doing so with the object of making that prejudice no longer ignorant but enlightened. I maintain that this is precisely the sort of advocacy that kindness to animals does need. As to the offensive banners which were stopped, their number is one, and that banner the reproduction of an illustration in a medical journal ("Journal of Pathology"). That an illustration of vivisection should be of such a revolting character that it cannot be carried through the streets without fear of creating a disturbance is sufficient justification for the striking demonstration of Saturday last.

Yours sincerely,
EDWARD CAHEN.

REVIEWS.

"MY BOY HOBBIE O!"

"Recollections of a Long Life." By Lord Broughton.
 Edited by his Daughter, Lady Dorchester. London:
 Murray. 1909. 2 vols. 24s. net.

JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE began his political career in Newgate and ended it as a Minister on the benches of the House of Lords, thus resembling the rise of a living statesman from the tub in Hyde Park to the Cabinet. Not that Hobhouse did anything very dreadful or really suffered durance vile. He merely wrote a pamphlet in which he said that were it not for the military the members of the House of Commons would be drawn from their places by the ears, which seems to modern readers a very harmless remark, but which in the days of Lord Liverpool was voted a breach of privilege, and consigned its author to a comfortable room in the Governor of Newgate's house. It was exactly the advertisement that Hobhouse wanted. He had just contested Westminster unsuccessfully: he now became a martyr in the cause of the Westminster Reformers (the best known of whom were Burdett, Bentham, Cobbett, Place, and James Mill), and on his release he was almost immediately returned for Westminster, which he represented continuously until his elevation to the peerage. Byron, incorrigible poseur as he was, disliked the poses of others, especially of his friends. He was annoyed at Hobhouse, a gentleman by birth and culture, posing as the People's Friend. It was all very well for Lord Byron to denounce Castle-reagh and praise regicide in verse: but Hobhouse putting these principles, or some of them, into practice or speeches was intolerable. Byron, though he was really very fond of Hobhouse—had Hobhouse not been his groomsmen at that weird wedding in Sir Ralph Milbanke's drawing-room?—could not help writing the ode which made Hobhouse so angry, though, like the good fellow he was, he quickly got over it. We have only space for two stanzas:

"Who are now the people's men,
 My boy Hobbie O?
 There's I and Burdett—gentlemen,
 And blackguard Hunt and Cobby O.
 But when we at Cambridge were,
 My boy Hobbie O,
 If my memory doesn't err,
 You founded a Whig Clubbie O."

Hobhouse soon recurred to the Whiggism of his Cambridge days, and subsided into office and a coronet. There are some good stories. Here is one which has been told in many variant versions since: "A.: May I ask what your father was? B.: My father was a cobbler. A.: Hum! I wonder he didn't bring you up to the same profession. B.: May I ask what your father was? A.: My father was a gentleman. B.: Hum! I wonder he didn't bring you up to the same profession." There is a good deal about Sheridan in his decline, including his opinion of Burke, which, as it was given long after the latter's death, is probably sincere and well considered. "Sheridan then spoke with the highest admiration of Burke, put him next to Bacon, and said he would always be reckoned amongst the three or four great men that our country had produced. 'I am sure', continued he, 'that Charles Fox, and much more my humble self, will be known to future ages as having stood by the side of Burke. He was a wonderful speaker in early life, and also in his latter parliamentary days; but immediately he wearied the House, speaking on every subject and not speaking well.' This was Sheridan's panegyric, and he then came to the other portion of his portrait. 'But he was a bad man, an interested man; in company vulgar, either haughty and overbearing or mean and cringing; he loved flattery. . . . Burke spoke with a brogue, and sometimes with much violence of voice and gesture. Burke was a very indolent man, and once,

talking of the North American Indians, said 'They enjoy the highest boon of Heaven, supreme and perpetual indolence''." Considering Burke's enormous intellectual output, it is interesting to learn from one who knew him as well as Sheridan that he was naturally lazy. The two central figures of these volumes are, of course, Napoleon and Byron, the author's heroes: and there is much about them both that has not been previously published, and is consequently of surpassing interest. But we cannot imagine why Lady Dorchester has thought it worth while to reopen the Byron separation. Hobhouse played an important part in that wretched business, trying hard to induce Lady Byron either to return to her husband or to state explicitly her reason for leaving him, in both of which he failed. But Lady Dorchester, in publishing Hobhouse's papers on this subject, tells us nothing new, nothing that has not already been published. Neither the literary nor the social world is interested any more in the quarrel, having heard all the evidence and judged the parties long ago. As these volumes only bring us up to 1822, we suppose that they are a first instalment, and we look forward to their continuance. Apart from what we consider the Byron blunder, Lady Dorchester has done her work in editing and arranging these papers very well.

SPREADING THE EAGLE.

"Alaska, the Great Country." By Ella Higginson.
 London: Bell. 1909. 7s. 6d.

UP to the moment when the vessel which proudly conveys Miss (or Mrs.) Higginson sets her prow westward from Sitka, this book has scarcely anything to recommend it, except its pictures. It is marked alternately by a naïve lack and excess of information which merely moves us to smile. Take her account of the Treadwell Mine, including her own daring ascent of a ladder and her amazement at the harmless and elementary word "winze", or her description of the Greek church at the former capital of the country, or her explanation how the waves break apart at the bows of a steamer and reunite at the stern. One would think she was trying to convince us that she had never been down a mine, inside an Orthodox church or on the deck of a steamer before. Or take her powers of mensuration. The Devil's Thumb, perhaps the most prominent feature of the mountains of South-Eastern Alaska, is marked by her as rising "more than 2000 feet"; it rises in fact more than 9000. Mount Edgumbe, she says, is "only 8000 feet in height"; in reality it is about 3467. Yet she undoubtedly saw both of these, however uncertain we may feel, as to some parts of her narrative, whether she is describing things from her own experience or from the books which she cites so copiously in the appendix. Lucidity of description, indeed, is not her strong point. At Ketchikan the captain led her forth at 7 A.M. to see "one of the beautiful things of Alaska". She tells us all about it for two pages, but at the end we have no idea whether this marvel of nature was a river, or a waterfall, or a wood, or a ravine, or all or any of them. She is perpetually gibing at Vancouver's and Whidbey's descriptions, but in fact they give us a clearer picture in five lines than she can produce in five pages, and her criticisms of their style merely show that she is ignorant of eighteenth-century English. But her monotonous abuse of Vancouver is only one feature of her Anglophobia. This spreadeagleism is of a sporadic and peculiar type, and we notice that it becomes a little subdued after she has had an opportunity of contrasting American and Canadian methods of government on each side of the boundary line. There is still one monarch, she tells us, to be "retired" from "our continent", and perhaps she hopes to assist his retirement by telling a preposterous tale about the British Royal Family, which we are rather surprised to find in a book published by an English firm of repute. The egregious Lieutenant Zarembo becomes an "intrepid young officer", though all he did was to bully an unarmed British trader out of the Stikine

River with a fourteen-gun brig. But we must not go to Miss Higginson for history. She would have us believe that there was real foundation in fact for her countrymen's claim to the Pacific coast up to 54° 40', and speaks of the Oregon Treaty as "infamous"; she obviously knows nothing of the truth as to the suggested cession of Pyramid Harbour in 1808; she has read the Alaska Boundary Proceedings to so little advantage that she speaks of Pearse and Wales Islands as having "belonged to us"; she is apparently not familiar with the way in which the White Pass and Yukon Railway was promoted, and her narrative would lead us to believe that Mr. Heney, one of the prime movers in the matter, was a native of the United States. It is only in the latter part of her book that she admits that even at the present day there is no practicable justice in Alaska, that the United States Government has done next to nothing for the aborigines, and that (perhaps for political reasons) the coast has never been properly lighted or buoyed. She relates without a blush of shame the state of civil war which prevailed recently at Katalla, but she tells us nothing of the exploits of "Soapy Smith" and his brigands at Skaguay unchecked by the "Deputy United States Marshal" who was supposed to be keeping order; and the evasion of the laws as to the drink traffic at S. Michael's evidently strikes her as rather smart than blameworthy. No wonder the squaws at Sitka laughed at her.

But, as we have said, as soon as she gets west of Sitka her book becomes meritorious. It is true that she produces no valid reason, so far as we can see, why anyone should visit the Aleutian Islands, but there are some capital descriptions of her doings in the country behind Valdez. The atmosphere enlivened her so much that she even believes that the Alaskan Central Railroad will be completed some day. Her anti-British obsession gradually disappears, and she goes so far as to confess that she was rescued by two Englishmen in Unga Bay. Here was a case of between the devil and the deep sea, if you will! Her accounts of some of the inhabitants of land and water are as picturesque as those of some of the little mining towns and their "society" are inflated and absurd. This latter portion of her book, however, does make us feel what a magnificent country Alaska would be if it were well developed and governed, and makes us regret more than ever that it was purchased by the nation which purchased it.

REMNANTS OF CHURCH PLATE.

"Church Plate of Hants." By P. R. P. Braithwaite.
London: Simpkin. 1909. 31s. 6d. net.

WHEN, at the nod of England's crowned cracksmen and champion churchbreaker, shrines were spoiled and religious houses ruthlessly wrecked, the Guild of Barabbas may well have felt no world was left for thieves to conquer. "Sacrilegus omnium prædorum cupiditatem et scelera superat." From Canterbury alone twenty-six cartloads of chalices, ciboria, crucifixes, candlesticks, censers, cruets, pyxes, patens, and other treasure are said to have gone to replenish the royal hoard and reward royal favourites. The thought of those twenty-six wagons jolting along the Kentish roads is enough to make our present Chancellor of the Exchequer green with envy, for £1155 has been given at Christie's for a censer of the reign of Edward III., £900 for an incense-boat of early Tudor work, and only last year a ciborium of the thirteenth century, of copper-gilt, with champ-levé enamel of English work, reported to have been at one time the property of Malmesbury Abbey, sold for £6000. Of course S. Thomas was an exceptional swell, and the splendid pillage of Christ Church stands out a unique event in the annals of burglary; but it is wonderful those pious pilferers Somerset and Cranmer, on looking round for more spoil, paused to filch from humble chantries, since the parish churches were found to provide fair opportunities for profitable speculation when in the last year of King Edward's reign Protestant zeal

again proved stronger than respect for the eighth commandment. Cripps speaks of S. Olave, Southwark, possessing no less than 1062 ounces of silver plate so late as 1552, and the same authority refers to a church in Norwich returning to the Commissioners a list of 857 ounces. From this it may be gathered that parish churches held goods of a commercial value quite sufficient to attract the greedy advisers of the boy King, and anything that slipped through their fingers stood little chance of being missed by the sanctimonious counsellors of Elizabeth, who were always ready to put commissions afoot with instructions to inquire "to what purpose is this waste". The restless seventeenth century was naturally a bad time for such church plate as escaped Tudor clutches, and appropriation of particular pieces by private persons has proceeded merrily ever since King Henry first found a more "fruitful" use for vessels dedicated to the service of religion. If anything more were needed to explain the modernity of so many of the marks on existing plate, there are plenty of tell-tale entries in churchwardens' accounts placing on record the barter of old lamps for new by foolish custodians anxious to be in the latest fashion.

Hampshire has had her share of knaves and simpletons, and unfortunately Canon Braithwaite, in cataloguing the plate of that county, has been obliged to mention several cases of larceny which have occurred there in comparatively recent times, but his repeated use of the word "remade" suggests that in Hampshire as elsewhere ignorance has been a more frequent cause of loss than dishonesty.

In 1867, on a presentation of new plate to the parish church of Bredhurst in Kent, the old Communion cup was sold for the trifling sum of £1 13s. 6d., and the ancient paten being laid aside was soon forgotten. Forty years afterwards the despised paten, which had been temporarily lost sight of, was returned to its proper home, and on examination by Mr. St. John Hope it was pronounced to be a fine copper-gilt specimen of the thirteenth century. Canon Braithwaite has nothing quite so romantic as this to report from Hampshire, but his catalogue raises a suspicion that here and there churches may still hold valuables waiting for a duster. At an inspection of plate undertaken at Southampton eight years ago, All Saints, Fawley, was found to possess a paten with six-foil depression and the Vernicle for device, and on the same occasion S. Michael, Southampton, produced an Edwardian chalice of an interesting and uncommon pattern. Even more surprising was the discovery that S. Michael was the lucky owner of an early Elizabethan tazza which turned out to be one of the best examples of its class and period left in England.

It is disappointing to find no pre-Reformation chalice has been preserved in Hampshire, but, by way of compensation, two rare Edwardian cups survive within her borders. "Alteracon of the Massing Chalosse" seems to have been earlier in this county than further west, as assay marks for 1562 and 1568 constantly catch the eye. Cripps points out that a great number of the Elizabethan cups in the Archdiocese of Canterbury belong to the year 1562. It is curious to see two cups of Irish make figuring amongst the ecclesiastical valuables of Hampshire: the charming Beaulieu chalice made in 1734, of which the history is unknown, was evidently designed for a "Massing chalice"; perhaps it came from Cowdray in the next county, where Mass had been said without break until the Lord Montague who succeeded to the title as a boy in 1717 put off allegiance to Rome.

Even if funeral stuff be included, the number of pre-Reformation pieces Hampshire can show is small compared with the sixteen of her neighbour Wiltshire, but she has an advantage over her richer sister in being able to claim the oldest bit of church plate still remaining in actual use in England, namely the paten at S. Mary's, Wyke, which Cripps assigns to a date about 1200. Canon Braithwaite has accepted the amended figure of 1280 suggested by Mr. Hope, and a photograph of this paten makes a handsome frontispiece for his book. Two other patens, one at Fawley, the other

at Bishop's Sutton, complete the list of Hampshire plate in existence before the Dissolution.

We wish Canon Braithwaite had supplied a schedule with dates, and we should have liked something more than a record of height on which to reconstruct a lost chalice, but he has our entire sympathy when he expresses a hope that his book may help to prevent alienation of ecclesiastical plate. The church goods in most parishes are of small pecuniary value, but all sacred vessels are worthy of the most jealous care of their guardians. Canon Braithwaite has done a good work, and we trust that he will find many imitators to make similar inventories in other parts of the country.

NOVELS.

"Margery Pigeon: a Novel." By Jane Wardle. London: Arnold. 1909. 6s.

We can forgive many coincidences and improbabilities in a story which introduces us to characters as amusing as most of the actors in this little comedy. The barmaid heroine, adopted as a niece by a rich old woman for an amazing reason, is a girl with several attractive qualities, but the most rare study in the book is a young cockney solicitor's clerk with a passion for bar-loafing and music-halls. Miss Wardle evidently forgets the close parallel between his ultimate phase and that of Mr. Mantalini, which is a pity. For her Richard Fendick is very much more than a modern copy from a type suggested by Dickens. The hero is a pleasant boy—one of those likeable products of our public schools who find life very perplexing when forced to earn a living with no capital in the background—and his efforts at journalism seem to be studied from life. Then there is an amusing sketch of a minor poet, who fifteen years ago would have cultivated æstheticism, but to-day dresses in oilskins and writes ballads about sailors. Altogether, as the hero says in the first review he writes for a great newspaper which gives him an opening because the editor had been at the same public school, "This book is of very great excellence, very interesting, and well worth reading". At least it is great fun.

"The Cage." By Harold Begbie. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1909. 6s.

The most remarkable thing about the hero of this book is that, standing in Edinburgh on what Mr. Begbie is pleased to call the "Carlton" Hill, and looking northward, he "rested his troubled gaze on the mist-wreathed peak of Ben Lomond, swimming like a cloud above the haze of the sea". Ben Lomond would have to swim far in order to get north of, or within sight of, Edinburgh, and a writer who does not know the difference between the low Lomond hills in Fife and the western mountain would be well advised to lay his scene nearer the Carlton Hotel than the Carlton Hill. The heroine is married to a rake, and the story consists mainly of long discussions as to the propriety of her refusing to return to him. Mr. Begbie is a sound moralist, but he has not much that is new to say about this particular problem.

"Much Ado about Something." By C. E. Laurence. London: Murray. 1909. 6s.

If anyone were so brutal as to call this book slightly silly, our answer would probably depend upon the amount, and the quality, of the wine we had drunk at dinner. There are pretty fancies in it such as appeal to the man who has dined well. But it is all very obvious, now that it has become a mark of intelligence to associate fairies with Kensington Gardens. The fairy June, accompanied by the gnome Bim, comes to London on a sort of revivalist mission. She turns hard City men—even a Jewish moneylender—into active philanthropists, creates a sense of beauty in architecture and sculpture amongst Londoners, makes an Archdeacon unworldly, a Duchess tolerant, and the Smart Set decent. The author has some shrewd observations to make, and can write gracefully, and he has really bor-

rowed nothing from either "Iolanthe" or "Peter Pan", though Lord Geoffrey Season's maiden speech sends our minds back to Strophon's exploits in Parliament. But a writer who claims to be an expert on fairies and nightingales really ought to know that the latter are not to be heard in Irish woods.

"In a Good Cause: Stories and Verses on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children." By F. Anstey, Sir Gilbert Parker M.P., Owen Seaman, W. Pett Ridge, Marjorie Bowen, Richard Pryce, Henry Newbolt, W. Graham Robertson, and Tom Gallon. London: Murray. 1909. 3s. 6d.

The title of "Omnium Gatherum" which we saw the other day affixed to a book of this kind says little about quality, and if this volume also has the miscellaneousness of a variety-show it should be added that it resembles one with an all-star cast, as befits a charity performance. And besides, miscellaneous though they are, the contributions are most of them so appropriate to the occasion that it is impossible for anyone whilst enjoying the fare provided to forget all about the *bénéficiaire*, as we know sometimes happens. First in this regard, as in place, comes Mr. Anstey's pretty story of "Winnie", the account of whose sojourn in the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormonde Street and in the Convalescent Home at Highgate has been specially written as a curtain-raiser—in more than one sense. Then appears that squalling small person whom Phil May drew so often, and whose distress is here attributed by the management to an unsatisfied yearning for Great Ormonde Street—without really making the picture a bit less funny. Two poems by Sir Gilbert Parker are followed by a humorous story about a hospital patient by Mr. Pett Ridge, and then we have some serio-comic verses by Mr. Henry Newbolt, and Mr. Richard Pryce gives an engaging sketch of an enfant terrible. The Editor of "Punch", whose turn comes next, appears in that kindly, serious vein of his; and after him begins a weird scene through which stalk figures à la Beardsley coloured by Miss Marjorie Bowen—creatures with no need of hospitals because apparently they are invulnerable. And after a bit of bright verse by Mr. Graham Robertson the curtain falls on Mr. Tom Gallon's idyll, "The Love Train from Loughborough", in which the child-note is again cunningly introduced. Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, please!

"An Honest Man." By Ralph Harold Bretherton. London: Methuen. 1909. 6s.

The honest man was a well-to-do manufacturer who came a financial cropper through the defalcations of a partner, and whose proud determination to pay his creditors twenty shillings in the pound (which they did not demand or expect) developed into a mania for small meannesses at home and deliberate cruelty to his wife and children. The book is smoothly written and shows a keen eye for detail; as a character-study, however, it either goes too far or not far enough. For though Mr. Bretherton contrives a happy ending through the supposed curative effects of an attack of brain fever, his honest man on the evidence presented was as mad as a hatter. Insolvent manufacturers who are sane as well as honest do not include their children's toys in a list of assets.

"Someone Pays." By Noel Barwell. London: Lane 1909. 6s.

The telling of a story by means of letters is an old convention, which had a considerable vogue in the eighteenth century and had some notable successes. Within recent years it has been revived in some much-talked-about books, which is not quite the same thing. Mr. Barwell's venture in this method is not without cleverness, but it lacks any compelling qualities. In the course of a hundred and thirty-three letters it develops a simple story of the love affair of a Cambridge undergraduate and the "fall" of a housemaid in the estab-

(Continued on page 88.)

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lishment of the clergyman who badly plays the part of holiday tutor to that same undergraduate. The letters are by all sorts and conditions of men and women—from the Home Secretary, who happens to be the father of the undergraduate, to the betrayed "skivvy"—and the author has managed to indicate the varying characters of his correspondents with some ability, but he never really interests us. The book can be laid down at any point without the reader feeling any curiosity as to what happens later; it might be taken up, we fancy, and be begun anywhere without the reader feeling any particular desire to hark back and find what all the pother was about. There are not wanting signs that Mr. Barwell can tell a story and that he has an eye for character.

"**Agnès: a Romance of the Siege of Paris.**" Translated from the French of Jules Claretie by Ada Solly-Flood. London: Stock. 1909. 3s. 6d.

This is a theatrically effective little story of the Siege of Paris, interesting chiefly for the description of scenes at the Conservatoire and at the Comédie Française. The foyer of this most august theatre was turned into a hospital, where Madeleine Brohan, Marie Favart, and other actresses became admirable devoted nurses. In the original the writing was probably vivid and, to a certain extent, distinguished; the translation is crude and bald, on the level of a school exercise.

"**A Fair Refugee.**" By Morice Gerard. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1909. 6s.

This story is so entirely inoffensive that we must not be misunderstood when we express surprise that it should occur to anyone either to write or to print or to read it. French Revolution. Orphaned Vicomtesse escapes to an English ship and is wrecked on the Cornish coast. Saved from the sea by a brave and handsome young gentleman, given a home at the vicarage by a kindly parson, she behaves exactly as might be expected, and the things that happen to her will be guessed by anyone who has ever read a conventional English novel.

For this Week's Books see page 90.



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To June 1, 1908, at which time the Consolidated Company acquired its interest and the properties started with a clean sheet, 2,675,161 oz. of silver had been produced by the La Rose Mine, mostly from development work alone, netting the owners \$1,204,862. A preliminary estimate for the year ending May 31, 1909, shows an output of 6,164 tons of a gross value of \$1,573,979, and net earnings of \$1,093,572.

During the past year development has shown the ore at greater depth; the old veins have been extended, and new ones,

showing good silver values, discovered. Messrs. R. B. and Wm. Watson, in their report of June 15, 1908, stated that at that time the La Rose mine alone had practically developed and indicated ore reserves containing 4,894,065 oz., with an estimated net profit of \$2,017,878, figuring silver at 55c. per ounce. Since the examination of Messrs. R. B. and Wm. Watson approximately \$1,093,572 of net values have been extracted from the La Rose. This, however, was not entirely from ore embraced in their estimates of net values, for the reason that, as before stated, after their reports were made, the known ore bodies have been extended and new ones opened up.

Professor Willet G. Miller, the eminent Provincial Geologist of Canada, in his report dated August 9, 1907, stated that at that time there were 8,020,870 oz. of silver. He further estimates, including the above, a possible yield from the La Rose mine alone, 12,871,750 oz., and states: "To this is to be added the possible production of veins on the unprospected part of the three properties." Since Professor Miller's examination, approximately \$2,300,000 has been extracted from the La Rose. His report did not include several claims since acquired by the La Rose Mines, Limited, and the properties of the other companies now in the consolidation.

Lawson Mine, Limited.

This property is considered one of the most valuable of the La Rose holdings. There are now exposed several very rich veins, assaying from 3,000 to 14,000 oz. of silver to the ton. Due to the fact that it has been tied up by litigation (now settled) since its discovery, only a small percentage of the total area has been prospected by trenching, and there are only a few shallow shafts upon the property. After it had lain practically idle for four years, the La Rose Consolidated Mines Company acquired all interest, and entered into possession in April, 1909. Work was immediately started, and the development of the property will be pushed with all possible despatch. The property on the north side of the Lawson has developed high grade ore to a depth of 200 feet, and the property adjoining on the west has still high grade ore at a depth of 400 feet.

Mr. R. B. Watson, consulting engineer of the Consolidated Company, in his report dated June 1, 1909, states that the Lawson mine has "partly developed" and "indicated" 656.9 tons of ore assaying 3,462 oz. to the ton, containing 2,274,077 oz. of silver, which will yield an estimated net profit of \$1,084,621, figuring silver at 53 c. per ounce. Concluding his report, Mr. Watson says: "Some of the best mines in the district surround the Lawson, and have developed high grade ore at much greater depths than the 50 feet to which the ore is calculated. Considering, therefore, the present surface showings and the known richness of the immediate district, the Lawson, no doubt, has a wonderful future ahead."

Other Holdings.

The small amount of exploration work done on the property known as University Mines, Limited, last year has disclosed additional high grade ore. Aggressive work will be started soon, from which results are expected.

No work has been done on the Violet Mining Company, Limited, during the past year, development being more advantageously concentrated on other sections.

La Rose, the man after whom this great consolidation is named, is, of course, the original discoverer of Cobalt. In laying the foundations of a new railway, he accidentally struck off a glittering specimen, which led to the establishment of the famous camp. The very spot where the discovery was made is still preserved, and visitors to the camp are shown the glittering side of the rock—within a stone's throw of La Rose Mine—where the first modest contribution to Cobalt's total mineral production was made. The name is consequently of happy augury.

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